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NAVAL AUXILIARY PATROL TO THE RESCUE
JOHN MILLS ART EXHIBITION
(story inside)

JOHN
MILLS
FEB 44



Take care of the florins...

The United Nations Monetary Conference, I note, has reached agreement for a plan to stabilise world currencies after the war.

This is pleasing, in a large sort of way; but, like most statements about finance, it lacks real appeal to the lay mind.

WHAT I want is a plan to stabilise my currency.

Now and then I light on a book about money. But what do I find? A great deal about the inequitable distribution of wealth, perhaps. Agreeable, but not helpful.

No. The sort of book I'm looking for is one that tells in simple, inspiring language how to live, eat, and dress on the weekly pay envelope (less tax), and painlessly save up for old age at the same time.

From time to time I have embarked on various plans recommended by friends.

You could easily, they say firmly, put a few shillings away each week. Just a few shillings. How are you going to like it, they add, when you're in a home for the aged brooding on the money you've frittered away.

So you buy a sealed bank money-box.

The idea is that there is something degrading about opening a money-box with a tin-opener.

That's what the bank authorities think. Evidently they've never heard about table-knives.

You insert the table-knife at an angle, and give several firm (and deafening) shakes.

At first you may suffer from a sense of shame. The noise is bound to let all the other flat tenants in your block know that you haven't your tram fare to town.

But you get over this. (Or you may get under an eiderdown for the operation.)

After that you rather relish the excitement of whether two shillings or a penny will emerge.

Talking of pennies, one of the first

things you learn when you start to earn money is that all those proverbs about pennies are so much rot.

"Take care of the pence, etc.!" Anyone who has fallen for that will tell you the awful let-down of opening a money-box which you've been weighing in the hand for days, to find that it's half-full of pennies.

A penny is something practically useless after childhood. It won't buy a tram fare or a box of matches. Apart from the gasmeter and the telephone, and as a medium of currency to ingratiate yourself with shopkeepers, it has almost no virtues.

No, the value of the two-shilling piece is something that all young people should learn early.

"What's two bob, after all?" is a happy, reckless cry that has brought many to the bankruptcy court.

Even these times two bob will still pay for a short taxi ride (if you can first get the taxi). It will buy afternoon tea, a seat at some picture shows, a bunch of flowers—dozens of things you could do without.

"Ten two shillings make a pound" is something I should like to see in every child's copybook.

But to return to the money-boxes. I had a friend who thought she had solved the problem when given by an aunt a money-box in the guise of a black velvet and cardboard cat.

It was quite easy to open, but, superstitious as well as anxious to save, she told herself that it would be unlucky to take money from the black cat unless it was full.

This worked well for a year. She was rather smug about having saved £7 for Christmas.

Unfortunately, one night the aunt was visiting and wanted to



borrow ten shillings. There wasn't any change except in the black cat.

"If I open it," said the aunt, "it won't be unlucky for you."

That was the end, of course. The owner of the black cat got to asking visitors to open it for her, and finally abandoned the whole thing.

There was another friend who, when she took home her weekly salary to her flat, used to distribute the odd silver about.

Say, two shillings in a trinket box, a few threepences at the bottom of the cigarette box, sixpence or so on the kitchen shelf.

Toward the end of the week, she hoped, she would find these odd bits of silver an unexpected delight.

But eventually she felt the strain of finding new hiding places from herself.

And a visitor who discovered a shilling lurking among the drags in her teacup was so scathing about unhygienic habits that my friend dropped the hidden treasure system and took up the budget.

There are several budget systems. I have been fascinated by all of them in turn. None worked.

Mavis, a methodical friend of mine, claims to have rescued several improvident bachelors from the brink of the summons court by the envelope system.

She must, I think, have stood over them.

You write down what you propose to allow yourself for fares, lunches, housekeeping, dress, and rent.

You then put the sums of money into small envelopes. In theory it is lovely.

Mavis says you take your tram fare from the fares envelope, and the lunch money from the lunch envelope, and that even anyone of the mean intelligence of her friends should be able to accomplish this.

Try scrabbling in your bag for the one marked fares amid strap-hanging tittering passengers, under the glowering eye of the conductress, and see how you like it.

It so unnerved one tyro that she had to buy aspirin.

Having no medical envelope, she couldn't decide whether to take it from "sundries" or "luxuries."

It was her consequent distraught air in the office that day, she believes, that lost her the chance of an overdue rise.

Vague recollections of a school bookkeeping course once stirred me to keep a cashbook.

I had already some experience of the housekeeping notebook, gleaned from sharing flats with female friends.

These were quite easy. All they entailed was a notebook in which you wrote such entries as, butcher, 2/4; little shop, 4/51.

When there was a succession of servicemen arriving on leave, neces-

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Laxatives are only makeshifts. You must get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get those two pounds of bile working and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in keeping you fit.

Ask for CARTER'S Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

1/2. ***

EXTRACTING MONEY from a money-box is best done under an eiderdown. It makes less noise.

sitating a series of entertainments, we usually forgot to enter the book for a few days. So we just wrote "Okay" across the page and started a fresh one.

This personal cashbook was to be much more elaborate. In it I would divide everything into columns (dissect, I think, is the word).

I toyed with the notion of double

always say at conferences, is so valuable.

But all that came out of it was a rather unpleasant suggestion that one bookkeeper was calling her cigarettes "housekeeping sundries."

And, as Mavis said: "What's the good of writing down what you spend, after the harm's done?"

In the course of these experiments I heard of one girl who had budgeting down to such a fine art that when she went out to dinner she used to help herself to a compensating amount from a house-keeping fund.

And the point which I never elucidated was, did she help herself to what the dinner had cost some poor young man, or did she work it out on the basis on what she would have spent herself?

Somehow it never seemed quite nice to me. I could always picture her, when dining with the Blanks, thinking: "Goodie, goodie; this is worth about 3/6. What will I spend that on?"

All in all, I am inclined to agree with a family man I know. He said that when he embarked on a budget plan, and wrote down all his commitments, he found he couldn't possibly live within his means.

His wife soothed him, and they have gone back to their old ways, living from week to week and uttering the customary shocked cries when the electric light and telephone bills arrive.



THE VISITOR didn't like finding a shilling in her teacup.

entry, but abandoned it, owing to the monotonous similarity of the incoming amounts.

Two other occupants of bed-sitters, including Mavis, were persuaded to do the same.

At the end of a month, we thought, we would spend an informative evening comparing notes.

The exchange of ideas, as they

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When you need a toothbrush, insist on Tek. Tek with its short head and better shape cleans all your teeth inside and out. Tek is the best toothbrush money can buy.

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LIEUTENANT BILL FRENCH, of the Michigan State Police, comes to Florida to recuperate from a gunshot wound at the home of his aunt, MRS. HARRISON PAIGE. He hopes for a quiet holiday, but finds the district seething with excitement over the disappearance of wealthy TOM PECKHAM.

Suspicion is falling on Peckham's lovely granddaughter, BUNDY, who admits that she quarrelled with him the night he disappeared. Mrs. Paige has invited Bundy with STEPHEN JAMES to meet Bill, hoping that her nephew can give them some useful advice. After they leave she tells Bill excitedly that she and her friend, MRS. ABBY GILLAM, who lives with her, hooked Peckham's body while out fishing that morning.

The body is recovered amid intense excitement. Police bring Bundy and CORINNE, Peckham's young widow, to the scene. Among the crowd, Bill notices JASON TOLLMAN, an invalid friend with whom Peckham played cards the night of his disappearance; also a big, fair young man who exchanges a significant glance with Corinne.

To the vast disappointment of his aunt, and her friend, however, Bill insists on keeping aloof from the police proceedings, so Mrs. Gillam declares that she will go and find out what is happening.

Now read on:

STRIDING swiftly towards the crowd, Mrs. Gillam began to mow a path with her sharp elbows. Mrs. Paige rose and sat down twice. "I wish I could help Bundy. I wonder if the police wouldn't let me take her. I could just say I'd be responsible for her." "Sit down, Aunt Olive. You'll get your innings later," Bill admonished. "But now's the time she needs me. Now, when they're questioning her so rudely. You don't seem to care at all."

"I care, all right. But somebody in the family has to identify the body. The police have to question Bundy. This is only the beginning, and she might as well get used to it. You couldn't stop them. You don't want to interfere with justice, do you?"

"Oh, I don't know," Mrs. Paige

MURDER IN TOW

By...

CHRISTOPHER HALE

was lofty. "It depends on what you call justice. I have always been a marvellous judge of character and I know—I positively know—that Bundy couldn't have had anything to do with that man's death. And, William, I am just as positive I know who did it. I mean if it wasn't suicide. It was that widow of his."

"Now, Aunt Olive, you haven't anything but a personal dislike—" "Oh, yes, I have. Abby saw her in an obscure little restaurant holding hands with some man with funny-looking blond hair. We're both sure she murdered her husband to marry this younger man."

"For heaven's sake don't tell the police that. You could get into some unpleasant trouble," Bill scolded.

"Oh, we're not going to help them," she hooted. "Let them blunder along as they can. But we planned to help you if you'll condescend to advise us. Oh, here comes Abby again. Abby, did you see anything of that man in the wheel chair? Tollman? That crippled friend of Tom Peckham's?"

Mrs. Gillam's start was almost unnoticeable.

"Who? Oh, No."

"You know, my dear. His picture was in all the papers. Goes round town in a motored wheel chair with that huge gorilla of a darky trotting after him."

"Oh! I believe I did see a glimpse—" Mrs. Gillam was oddly wary. Bill was puzzled.

"Abby," Mrs. Paige whispered, "that man was here on the pier when we brought in the—you know—and he refused even to try to identify it. Said he had a weak heart. The shock might kill him."

"But maybe he has."

"Why linger round here then just lapping up all the excitement? Doesn't it seem funny he just happened to be here and wouldn't take one little look?" Mrs. Paige's dark blue eyes widened. "My dear, that big darky of his could easily have pushed old Tom Peckham off the pier."

"Maybe. But you're way off, Olive."

Mrs. Gillam sat down wearily. Her jacket was torn and her hat askew. "I heard that the man didn't drown at all. He was dead when he was put into the water."

"How could they tell?"

"Don't ask me. It's only a rumor. It didn't come directly from the police. Maybe it will be in the evening papers."

Mrs. Paige drummed on her knees. "But why do we have to wait? William, can't you—"

"No. I am not going to butt in, Aunt Olive. If they want my help I'll be glad to give it. And I'm going to try to help Bundy. But I am not going to interfere with the police."

"You know, William, sometimes you can be awfully exasperating."

"Why should all the rules be set aside for you, Aunt Olive?"

MR. GILLAM said, "Well, Olive ought to get a little return for her money. It isn't everybody who bought a hundred dollars' worth of tickets to the policemen's ball. They nearly died of amazement."

Mrs. Paige waved this away. "Nonsense. It all goes in taxes, anyway. Why not have a little fun with it? I didn't intend to corrupt the force with my little donation, but I do expect a bit of consideration."

Bill said, "Well, if you want to help that girl let her alone until the police have finished with her. If she is innocent she doesn't need your protection. Those officers look like sensible, reasonable men."

"All right. All right."

Mrs. Gillam whispered, "Here they come."

Two officers cleared a wide path through the crowd. Bill, watching closely, noticed that the curly-crested man was again in the front row. As Mrs. Peckham came up the steps Bill saw their two faces plainly. He could not have pointed to the twitch

of the tiniest muscle, yet he knew they recognised each other and were pleased about something. However, Mrs. Gillam made it a certainty by leaning forward and clutching his arm.

"William!" she breathed. "There he is. The man I saw with Mrs. Peckham in that restaurant. See?" She described the man he'd been watching.

"Who is he?"

"Heavens, I don't know."

Mrs. Peckham swept on to the police car, superior yet tragic. The queen who is allowed no privacy in which to mourn.

Behind came Bundy. Steve was with her this time, holding her up as she stumbled along. She was just half an inch taller than he, a magnificent young thoroughbred that didn't know how to manage her power yet. Her eyes stared straight ahead, gleaming with tears, though technically she was not weeping.

Steve limped badly now. His face was haggard, as if it was he who had been accused. He kept whispering to Bundy with a sort of fierce tenderness. She didn't seem aware of anything but Steve, to whom she clung as if to a life preserver.

The crowd was definitely hostile to Bundy now. With rising temperature Bill saw it. He had not needed any added incentive to help her. The customers were invariably wrong in his business.

The police car backed out and swept away, siren moaning, antennae quivering. Lights were on in many cars. The sun was just in the act of disappearing behind the Princess Martha Hotel. Bill was surprised to find it was after six.

A long black car arrived at the top of the steps with considerable clamor. Four men descended with a long wicker basket and came back with the body, which they stowed away in the car. It wheeled and drove off toward the city.

Bill said, "I'll be back, Aunt Olive. Wait here." He caught the police captain just as he was getting into his car.

"Oh yes, French. Any ideas or

"Miss Peckham, could your grandfather's wife have killed him?" Bill asked.

information you have will be welcome. We'll want to hold that boat of Mrs. Paige's for a while."

"Okay. Just call me if I can be of help." Bill drew away.

The captain smiled. He seemed pleased that Lieutenant French had not presumed upon his official standing to ask unhandy questions. "Just between you and me, French, Peckham was dead before he ever hit the water."

"That so?"

"Yes. You get that way when you have a wire round your neck too tight."

Bill whistled softly. But he did not push the chief any further. He wondered if they thought Bundy capable of that infamy. True, she was big and strong for a girl. But Peckham looked bigger. And she didn't seem murderer timber to him.

Bill watched the police car speed away. Then he caught sight of that hay-colored crest again. Bill followed him until he reached an old blue-green sedan. His face, seen close up, was good-looking in a sardonic, bitter way. The man climbed into the sedan and swung into the long line of cars crawling slowly off the pier. Bill had plenty of time to memorise his Michigan licence number.

On the way home he sent a coded wire to the Michigan State Police asking in whose name that licence had been issued.

A lavish dinner was waiting when they got home. Bill felt that meals like this would make two new men of him in no time.

Mrs. Gillam kept pace with him at the table, but Mrs. Paige was going through her annual slimming course. She contented herself with a vast salad.

The servants left at nine o'clock. Being all of one family, they could pile into the 1912 tourer and grind magnificently off together, piloted by Hod, the husky eldest son.

Bill made a fire of the leadenlike resinous pine logs which flared in golden sheets halfway up the chimney.

Please turn to page 14

DUTCH COURAGE

Story of Occupied Europe

By A. and C. DE LEEUW

IN the thick darkness of his cellar workroom, in Veenzand, Gerrit Martinus smiled to himself. He was as sure as a blind man. Once again, just as a test, he set the hands of the clock with the raised numbers to three—to five—to six. One swift turn and it was wound. It was almost child's play. He never failed.

Still in darkness he rose and put away his materials and all his tools. When he had finished no one would have known that this was a workroom; there was not one tell-tale bit of evidence. In his mind's eye, Gerrit Martinus saw the room as it had been when he and all Dutchmen were still free men.

The chest of old clock parts in one corner; the row of clocks ticking briskly all along the wall. His wife had wondered always why the ticking didn't drive him mad. But he liked it. It was a kind of music to him. It was more than that. It meant that he had made them tick again after years of silence.

He used to spend every spare minute in the cellar shop. Hetty complained about it—said she never saw him above stairs after his work-day at the dairy. She didn't mind now. She kept watch upstairs, listening for an alien sound, an alien footstep—flying, at the merest sign of danger, to warn him. When that happened, everything would disappear, as now, and the room become bland and empty. A cellar room where once potatoes and carrots were stored; old bins, and a broken-down chair or two.

Queer how things happened. Once he had dreamt of being a clock-maker—the best in the Netherlands. One of these days, perhaps, even a clockmaker "by appointment to Her Majesty the Queen!"

Well, it hadn't worked out that way. With time the dream faded; instead a cheese factory prospered, even under his reluctant management, and clock-making had receded to a pastime, a hobby.

The clocks had all disappeared these last years. No use letting prying eyes even suspect that you had spare metal about the house. But the picture of the Queen still hung over the work bench. The

Queen! Bless her, and bring her back to us, he thought fervently. It was what every loyal subject was working for. It would happen, one of these days. Before little Marietje was much older. It must happen!

Time for Marietje to be in bed. It was the only warm place in the house. It wrung his heart every time he looked at his only child. Four years old—and thin and pale as no true Dutch child should be. Four years old—and three of them spent in a war-world where food was scarce and milk almost unobtainable. It was God's goodness, perhaps, that had turned him to the dairy and cheese factory, so that he could still manage to get a forbidden glass of milk, a nibble of cheese, for his precious family. And for some of his friends.

In return he brought him materials. Under cover of darkness. Late at night. Materials for his work. The work which was going so well. That job he had done for the patriots at Alkmaar was a fine success, he had heard. News got round, no matter how the Germans tried to stop it. And that piece he had fixed for Hoorn had gone off with nice results—better than they had hoped.

This time, though, he would have to do the job himself. Not only make it ready, but set it. He couldn't trust any other. It was a ticklish business, calculated to a hair's breadth. Everything was in readiness for tomorrow, and he had a special reason for wanting to do this job himself.

He stood there, remembering the amug, high-pitched voice of von Streichwitz shrieking over the radio: "I tell you, people of the Netherlands, we are brothers." Von Streichwitz, the man who had deported thousands; the man who had tortured and killed his dear friend, Leenkamp.

Von Streichwitz was coming to Veenzand to-morrow with four of his henchmen. Coming from Amsterdam, in a motor-boat along the canals. Coming by water so that his whole progress would be a succession of cheering mobs, streaming pennants, blaring bands and forced homage.

The town fathers had had their instructions. The gauleiter was seeing that they were carried out to the

letter. A platform—so many metres by so many—built out over the water as a landing-stage. Decorations of such and such a splendor. Guards at intervals along the canal. Ropes to hold back the supposedly excited townspeople. The mayor—morning coat obligatory—waiting on the landing-stage. Traffic cleared from the adjoining square, where only the troopers and Dutch Nazis might stand. Music at precise intervals. Two children—they must be of prominent families—to present bouquets of roses to von Streichwitz at the town hall later.

It was to be a gala occasion—for von Streichwitz.

Gerrit went upstairs with the bundle he had swept together in the darkness of his workroom. "I'm going now, Hetty," he called softly to his wife, and slipped out.

He walked swiftly down the inky streets, knowing every cobbie, every doorway. It would take two trips. The town was empty. Coming back from his second trip, however, he was accosted by a German trooper. Light flashed in his face, over his body. "You are well!" the man said accusingly.

"Small wonder!" Martinus answered. "It's hard for a man these black nights when his eyes aren't too good. Two steps in the wrong direction—and plop, you fall in the canal."

"Then stay at home!" the trooper growled. "That's where you should be, anyhow. Get on with you!" He prodded him swiftly. Martinus gritted his teeth and shuffled off.

Lying in bed, he stared into the darkness—reviewing what he had done, planning what he would do. He felt Hetty shivering beside him, even in her sleep, and fiercely he held her to him, striving to protect her with the warmth of his own body as he wanted to protect her with the fire of his devotion. She made a small sound, like a child, and snuggled down. His lips moved in a prayer and he watched the window for the dawn.

Marietje was hungry at breakfast. He gave her part of his bread, and Hetty said she had saved some of the broth from last night. "You should drink it yourself," he told her, anger tearing at his heart. "I will get her milk to-day—how, I don't know, but I'll get it."

"There is not enough food for all of us," Hetty said. "So Marietje must have it. She must live."

Yes, Marietje must live. In a world grown bright and beautiful again. It did not matter what happened to those like himself.

At noon, as people streamed past the house on their way to the square, he put Marietje on his shoulder. "You shall ride like a queen," he said, "and we shall go and see the sights." He hugged her thin body against his cheek.

"Will we see a duck, father? A duck with ducklings?" It was her fondest wish. Imagine a Dutch child, he thought, who had not seen a duck, except in picture books!

"Perhaps," Martinus said. "We shall keep a watch. Who knows—perhaps a duck will swim down the canal while we wait!"

He wormed his way through the silent throng in the square. It was just as he had known it would be—the sullen people, the landing-stage, falsely cheerful and decorated.

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"Clumsy fool!" the chief guard sneered at Gerrit.

He was late, so there was no place to stand but along the canal. Because of the child on his shoulder they parted to let him through to the edge of the bank. What did they care, anyhow? He placed himself squarely against the rope and waited, his ears straining for the first sound of the motor boat, his eyes glued to the bend in the canal.

"There, Marietje—there—a duck!" he said suddenly, excitement rasping his voice.

Marietje's heels pounded against his chest. "Where, father, where, where?"

He bent forward, and the little body leaned far out over the water, following his pointing finger. "There—just a tiny speck—see it? Brown and white, with green on its head—"

Marietje's thin body fell headlong into the water. And the putt-putt of von Streichwitz's motor boat came clearly above her cries.

Martinus threw off his coat and jumped into the canal. There was a restless movement in the crowd, roused at last from their apathy and sullenness. Instantly, guards thrust their back, clubs raised, bayonets gleaming. It was only a fool father jumping in after his fool daughter. "Get back!" they ordered. "No one must move! Silence!"

Martinus heard them even as he found Marietje's little dress, and pulled her with him. He swam strongly toward the landing-stage, one arm curved about his frightened

child. His other arm reached under the water, found the stem-winder and the raised numbers—one swift flick of the wrist and it was done. Dripping, he set Marietje on the landing-stage, hauled himself out of the canal.

"I must take this child home," he said anxiously to the feeble old mayor in his frayed morning-coat. "Clumsy fool!" the chief guard barked with a sneer. "Take her home, by all means, and stay there yourself." The putt-putt was growing louder.

Martinus walked swiftly down the cobbled street with Marietje. "The duck," she sobbed. "I didn't see the duck!"

"Don't cry, darling," he said soothingly. "I will get you a dozen ducks, all your very own, before you are six years old. You shall see, my own little sweetheart."

Hetty opened the door, and threw her hands in the air at sight of him and Marietje.

"Quick, warm her and put her between the covers," he said. But his words were half-drowned under a sound that exploded in their eardrums and echoed in rolling reverberations over the town.

"Gerrit! Was that—?" Hetty's eyes found his, fearful and hopeful.

He pulled her inside and closed the door. "That," he said, "was von Streichwitz, attaining a higher civilisation."

(Copyright)

What women should know about Savings!



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By Australian Author

ALLAN FRY



THE Blowerupper

Farce-comedy of Private Jones
and a cigarette-lighter called Lucy

Poor chap's blew up, thought Tommy, flicking Lucy into life again.

This time he couldn't help noticing the strange phenomena. At the precise moment that the lighter sprang into life another yellow-nosed bomber disintegrated into the blue sky.

Tommy's bushy little eyebrows sprang up under the brim of his helmet, and, as he said later, he was amazed. It's Lucy here, he thought. She be knockin' them Jerries

down like magic. As he spoke he felt the lighter twitch in his hand. "Right, Lass," he said, "ave another go at 'em. Let's see what you can do to that there Stuka."

Tommy pointed Lucy at the diving plane, and as he flicked the Stuka's screaming whine changed to a dull whoof and a ball of black smoke.

"Amazing," gasped Tommy, and he yelled to his mate, Charlie, "Hol, Chas, when raid's over come 'ere and see what Lucy's doin'..."

Back at divisional headquarters the staff officer, Colonel Humphries, looked at the situation report from Y Brigade, and whistled. "Excuse me, sir," he exclaimed to the General, "have a look at this from Y brigade."

"What's this, Humphries?" barked the General, "do I see correctly? Three hundred and forty-seven enemy aircraft shot down over X battalion's area. Incredible! What's the meaning of it, Humphries? No, no, don't tell me. It's impossible."

"They've been reading their pamphlets, sir, that's what it is. You know the one—Passive Air Defence—How to deal with low flying aircraft by small-arms fire, and all that sort of thing. Co-ordinated fire plan. Surely you recall it, sir, para XCIV, page nineteen."

"Balderdash, Humphries, it's magic, that's what it is! Who's in command of that show? Bring him here. Make him explain. No, better still, I'll go forward myself and inquire. No, I won't. You will go yourself, Humphries. Do you the world of good to get away from headquarters for a while..."

When Colonel Humphries arrived at X battalion he went straight to the C.O. Humphries was not happy. His jeep had petered out in three

feet of black, slimy mud, and the dapper staff officer's appearance was such as to merit considerable comment from the bored runners round battalion headquarters. The words "Disguised parachutist" were audible, but he disregarded them, and snorted at the C.O. "Mornin', what's this about hostile aircraft bein' shot down?"

"M'n'n," snapped back the C.O., not to be outdone in the matter of abbreviation. "Not shot down. Destroyed by occult means, sir. Four hundred and ninety-four aircraft, also 17 tanks, two batteries, and a staff car."

"D-d-destroyed by er—occult means, did you say?"

"Definitely. Just blew up in mid-air one after the other. Same with the other things—just blew up."

"But, odds on, old man, surely there must be a reason. Things don't just 'blow up' of their own accord. I want to know what caused it."

The C.O. glowered, and leaned forward.

"Sar-major!" he bellowed, and Humphries reeled back from the blast of his voice. "Oh, there you are, Sar-major. Find out what is causing these things to blow up, would you, like a good fellow? Oh, and before you go, double the guard on the officers' mess."

Outside, the R.S.M. cursed his luck. Round the companies in mud like this, and he a warrant-officer Class One. Still, orders were orders.

It was an hour later, when the R.S.M. was leaving D Company on his way back to report failure, that he saw the stone bridge over the hurrying mountain stream cascade skywards in a majestic pillar of bricks and smoke. He also heard a voice from the ground on his right say, excitedly, "Y see, Chas, she works all right. Don't never miss. Wish I could get old 'Her at the other end of her though."

"What the dickens have you got there, Jones?" asked the R.S.M., bending over the trench. "A cigarette-lighter? What's that I heard you say about 'Never misses'?"

"Neither she don't, sir?" answered Tommy, proudly. "This is Lucy, sir, my blowerupper."

"Y-your blowerupper?" For the first time in his twenty years of service the R.S.M. was almost speechless. "You'd better come up to headquarters with me," he gasped, "and bring that thing with you."

"Headquarters, sir?" queried Tommy, in the little piping voice he lapsed into when worried. "But I ain't done..."

"Shut up and come along with me. Don't forget your rifle, man. Why

don't you clean it some time—thing's filthy. Now, come on, look sharp."

Back at battalion headquarters Tommy was left ruminating outside while the R.S.M. reported to the adjutant.

"Any luck, Sar-major?" asked that worried man. "The staff officer from divisional headquarters is in with the Old Man and going to town properly."

"Yes, sir, I think I've solved the mystery," said the R.S.M., feeling very proud of himself. "It's a cigarette-lighter named Lucy."

The adjutant's mouth fell open. "A—a cigarette-lighter named Lucy?" He gasped at the beaming R.S.M. "Sar-major, there's something wrong with you. A series of inexplicable explosions of enemy aircraft, tanks and vehicles, and you say it is all due to a cigarette-lighter named—er—Lucy."

SPRINGING smartly to attention, for he resented the note of censure in the adjutant's voice, the R.S.M. rapped, "Correct, sir. A cigarette-lighter named Lucy, sir, the property of Private Jones, T. A., of Number Seventeen Platoon, D Company. Shall I parade the man, sir?"

"Yes, yes," gasped the adjutant, flopping back into his seat, "parade the man and the cigarette-lighter immediately. I'll tell the C.O."

"Private Jones, T. A., sir," announced the adjutant a minute later, and waved the visibly trembling Tommy into the presence of Humphries and the C.O.

"Now, my good man, what do you know of these inexplicable occurrences—these apparently occult phenomena which have been taking place in this area this morning?"

"These explosions," translated the adjutant for Tommy's benefit.

"Oh, them, sir," quavered Tommy. "Them was Lucy's work, sir. All I do is flick."

"All you do is flick?"

"Yessir, all I does is flick, and 'bang,' up they goes just like that."

"Amazing," gasped Humphries. "Er, could I see er—er, Lucy?"

Tommy groped in the long trousers pocket of his battle-dress and produced the lighter. "You'll let's 'ave 'er back, woncha, sir?" he piped anxiously.

"Yes, yes, of course," rapped Humphries. Very gingerly, as if he expected Lucy to bite him, he placed her down on the C.O.'s map board, and he and the C.O. pecked at her

with pencils while the adjutant tried to look over their shoulders.

"Looks just like any other lighter to me," said Humphries disappointedly.

"It's that fool of an R.S.M.," exclaimed the C.O. petulantly. He felt as though he were being made to look a fool in front of the man from division.

"It's Lucy wot done it, all right, sir," piped Tommy. "You ask Chas. He's my chum," he added needlessly.

"If I might suggest, sir," said the adjutant quietly, "we might try it out on something. There's that ammunition dump we located on the air photo this morning. Arty don't seem able to get on it. Perhaps, er—Lucy might do the trick."

"Sound suggestion, Timms, my boy," boomed the C.O. "We'll try it if Colonel Humphries is agreeable. What do you say, sir?"

"Yes, yes, by all means. Let me try the cursed thing out and get away from this madhouse," snapped the staff man, leading the way outside.

"Over in that direction, sir," advised the helpful Timms, pointing.

"I think perhaps you'd better line it up with a compass," suggested the C.O. "Timms, run in and get my compass off the table. Oh, and you'd better get a protractor and a map. Would you like to borrow my binoculars, sir?"

"For heaven's sake, man, keep calm," shouted the colonel. "I do not want a map, nor do I want a protractor or compass. All I want to know is how to operate this bally lighter. What do I do with the thing? Point it or cock it or what?"

"I really think, sir..." "Yer just points 'er and flicks," advised Tommy from the rear.

Colonel Humphries pointed Lucy in the indicated direction and flicked. Nothing happened. Lucy just burned serenely, her flame swaying in the chill air.

"Let me have a try, sir," asked the C.O. "There's often a knack in these things. I had a lighter once, and unless you flicked with the left thumb..."

"Flick it, man, flick it," urged the colonel impatiently.

"I am, sir," said the C.O. "All it does is burn. Perhaps, if..."

"Bah! Fake!" expostulated Humphries, "making a man look a fool in front of other ranks. The General will hear of this, mark my words. You and your—your explosions. Here, take your confounded lighter, man, and clear off back to your company." He savagely flung Lucy at the puzzled Tommy.

"Can't understand it," muttered Tommy as he pointed Lucy as before and flicked...

The blast of the explosion did not reach them until seconds later, but as soon as they saw the huge fount of smoke they realised what had happened.

As the C.O. swung round he saw Lucy being carefully tucked back into Tommy's pocket. "Only works for me, she does, sir," apologized Tommy.

In the excitement that followed Tommy was temporarily forgotten. Humphries, the C.O., and the adjutant were all talking at once, and Tommy could only catch phrases like "...incredible... will revolutionise warfare... War Office... complete annihilation of air power... ground defences useless... over by the end of this month..."

Then just as quickly they suddenly remembered Tommy again.

"Private Jones, you have won the war," said the C.O. gravely, patting Tommy on the shoulder as he spoke. "Why, with this infernal machine..."

"This ingenious device you mean, sir," corrected the adjutant.

Colonel Humphries was far less restrained. He was running round in little circles, tossing his red-banded cap in the air, catching it and shouting, "Hooray! Hooray!"

"Sar-major!" bellowed the C.O. "Sar-major, get a double issue of rum for Private Jones, and march him out. He'll be going back to division with Colonel Humphries immediately after lunch. Tell the cook in the officers' mess to prepare lunch for two extra—Colonel Humphries and Private Jones here..."

Please turn to page 18

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TEN O'CLOCK

By JANE ENGLAND

LEADING the way down the long street, the billeting officer talked encouragingly and politely. She had done this sort of thing so often and with so many doubtful and anxious girls that she had, at last, achieved a good technique. She could chatter about nothing, and she could keep all tentative inquiries about the people in the billet very neatly at bay.

"Well, of course," she would say, "it does depend on both sides, you know. Give and take." She knew it was cheating in a way, but she was very tired. She glanced at the girl by her side and sighed inwardly. She didn't look the kind of girl who would stand up to Mrs. Benson. All the same, there simply wasn't anywhere else to put the girl.

It is difficult, she thought, coming away from home to a perfectly strange place, and then being resented. It's disgustingly unfair of people like Mrs. Benson to be so grudging. But she remembered that Mrs. Benson hadn't had an easy life.

Her first husband had died after the last war, and she'd lost her second six months ago—only two years after their marriage. Her son was a prisoner of war in Germany, and her daughter was in the A.T.S. Perhaps it was understandable that Mrs. Benson should find the presence of another girl in her daughter's room a constant nagging reminder.

Cynthia, trudging along by the billeting officer's side, lugging a heavy suitcase, and feeling sick with hunger after an all-night journey, thought: Oh, heavens, this awful town. I've never seen a place so utterly dreary . . . this street! This ghastly grey endless street. Do I have to walk along this street every morning? Every evening?

She had been glad at first when she knew she was to be sent to a factory in the north. It had made her feel, somehow, that she'd be nearer John. His home was in the north—just where she wasn't sure, but it couldn't be anything like this dreadful town.

She thought of her own home, the small gay little house in the wide road, with grass verges and gardens with flowers, and fluttering gay curtains. And of her mother bustling the two boys off to school and hurrying her off to her old job. "Cynthia, darling, hurry! You'll miss the bus. Now, don't fuss about your stockings, I'll wash them for you. Hurry." Tears of homesickness swam into her eyes, and her throat felt tight with pain.

"Mrs. Benson," said the billeting officer as they turned into a side street, "is a little fussy. She likes you to be in by ten, and when you've finished your meals she likes you to go to your own room."

Cynthia didn't answer. For one thing, she couldn't. That constriction in her throat made it quite impossible. And for another, what was there to say? It wasn't at all prob-

able that she would want to be out after ten, she'd be too tired; and she didn't know anyone. She wished desolately that there had been a vacancy in the hostel. She would much rather have been in a hostel.

"Here we are," added the billeting officer abruptly, and opened the gate of a flat-faced house that stood back from the street behind a sparse hedge of grimy laurel and a strip of yellowish grass. She noticed Cynthia's dark, troubled eyes, the delicate curve of her jaw, her sensitive lips, and thought: "It's no good. She'll be round at my office in tears in a couple of days . . . and there'll be endless trouble. Oh, confound Mrs. Benson, confound factories . . . confound everything." But she put on her brisk smile and rang the old-fashioned bell that jangled madly somewhere at the back of the house.

After some time the door was opened grudgingly, and Mrs. Benson looked out. "Good morning, Mrs. Benson," said the billeting officer, with a ghastly heartiness, "this is Miss Crayshaw."

"Good morning," said Mrs. Benson coldly. She opened the door a little wider, just wide enough for Cynthia to squeeze through.

The billeting officer said: "Well, good-bye, Miss Crayshaw. You're all fixed now. Mrs. Benson will tell you the way to the factory. You're reporting on duty at eight to-morrow, aren't you?"

"Come along," said Mrs. Benson curtly. "I haven't all day to stand about here."

"Good-bye," said the billeting officer hastily, and turned and walked away. Cynthia set her teeth to stop herself from bursting into tears, and went into the dark hall.

"I've no doubt," said Mrs. Benson, marching grimly ahead toward a flight of stairs covered with the most highly polished linoleum Cynthia had ever seen, "that those billeting people have told you what I expect?"

"More or less," said Cynthia huskily.

MR. BENSON surveyed her coldly a moment, then resumed, "I give you breakfast and supper, and no one can say that I don't give you plenty of good, wholesome food. You have both meals in the kitchen and then you go up to your room. If you're not in by ten at night you'll find the place locked up. That's flat. It's my house, and these are my rules. I go to bed at ten. I've got a young man billeted here, but his hours are different from yours, and I won't have any nonsense. You both keep to your own rooms."

Cynthia's face flamed. "I'm not likely to do anything else," she said. "Indeed," said Mrs. Benson, who had got to the landing by now, where the grey light filtered in through a small window and fell on a square of parquet linoleum that was also polished to danger point. "Well, that's as maybe. I'm only telling you what I expect."

"And," said Cynthia, "I'm engaged to be married, so I'm not interested in young men."

Mrs. Benson smiled coldly, her square, weather-beaten face with its firm mouth and clear blue eyes was somehow intimidating, but not really unlikeable.

"I've known young women who are married, but who are still interested in young men," she announced. "This is your room. You make your own bed, but I clean it for you. I expect it kept tidy, and I won't have a mess of face powder and lipstick all over the dressing-table."

"I can see," said Cynthia, suddenly finding her voice properly, and with a glint of battle in her dark eyes, "that everything is going to be awfully homelike and jolly."



Taking off her shoe, Cynthia deliberately shattered the kitchen window.

She put her suitcase down and held her aching arm. Mrs. Benson regarded her with a gleam of interest in her eyes. "Neither my son nor my daughter is having a jolly and homelike time, so why should you? Particularly in my house."

"I don't see that you're doing either of them any good by being beastly to me," said Cynthia astonishingly. She pulled off her beret and shook out her dark hair.

"You'd better unpack and get settled in," said Mrs. Benson sharply. "I'll give you lunch to-day, seeing it's your first day, and I give you lunch on Sunday. Come downstairs when you're ready."

She walked out of the room, closing the door behind her with what was not exactly a slam, but very nearly.

Cynthia stood quite still for a minute. She wanted to cry very badly indeed, but she reflected that if she did Mrs. Benson would be sure to notice swollen eyes, and not for anything in the world would she give Mrs. Benson the satisfaction of thinking she had bullied her into tears.

Because, although she was small and slender, and wiseful to look at, she had a streak of sheer unbreakable courage in her.

Even when the letters from John had stopped arriving, and after weeks and weeks of aching anxiety she had had to believe either that he was dead or else that he no longer loved her—still she hadn't let even her mother see how desolate and empty life had become.

She had only given up her job before she needed, and volunteered for munitions, set her teeth, and gone steadily ahead. And then the letter had come from his pal, Terence.

Dear Miss Crayshaw, I'm sending this as from John. He can't write himself because his hand is out of action. But as soon as he can, he will. He says: "Buck up, even though the Jerries have got up, pro tem." Yours, Terence O'Connor.

And now, sitting at Mrs. Benson's neat and shining dressing-table, Cynthia thought of John. Dear John, who had been in her life for only a few weeks, a few weeks of blaxing happiness, when time had been too short to do anything but realise that they loved each other, to promise each other that after the war there would be all the time in the world to get to know all about each other.

But for the time being it was enough to know that they were in love. John wasn't having a homelike and jolly life either, she thought, and he hadn't written, so that his hand was probably still "out of action." She shuddered as she thought of all the implications in that phrase, "out of action." It might mean that John had no hand at all. Well, if that were so, she

thought, I've got two . . . and it will be heaven to be John's right hand.

She hadn't even a snapshot of John, she thought as she unpacked, just nothing at all. It would have been fun here in this strange town to have had a photograph of him to put with the others on the mantelpiece and bedside table. She put out the one of her mother in its leather frame, and the one of the boys in the wooden one, the one of her father, who had been killed in the last war, and the room took on a little life of its own. In time, she thought, she might make it come quite alive.

Everything in the room was exquisitely and meticulously cared for. The curtains at the big window were of muslin, and snowy white, and with gossamer frills; the bed was comfortable. She realised suddenly that the room must belong to the daughter who was in the A.T.S., and she began to understand a little of what Mrs. Benson felt. She wouldn't have felt that way herself, her mother would not have felt that way, her mother would be only too glad to have some girl to stay in her, Cynthia's room.

Mrs. Crayshaw would have said: I'm glad to be able to do it, and I hope someone is being nice to my girl. But there it was. People were different, and Mrs. Benson was one of those who

kicked against the pricks. And very uncomfortable it must be for her, thought Cynthia with a gleam of humor, even if it were equally uncomfortable for the people who had to be with her.

When she had unpacked and put everything away, she found the bathroom and washed her face and hands, and then went downstairs. A very old woman was on her hands and knees polishing the hall floor, and a clatter from the back announced the position of the kitchen. Cynthia went to "action stations" and opened the kitchen door.

Mrs. Benson was making pastry on a table in front of the window. Like everything else in the old, ugly and inconvenient house, there was a shining sparkle about the place. The whole trouble is, thought Cynthia, that Mrs. Benson has plainly put cleanliness above godliness. And Faith, Hope, and Charity are merely "also rans" in her scheme of life.

Please turn to page 20

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SOLDIERS IN BEDS, and others standing with their nurses, listen to Marjorie Lawrence at a hospital at Darwin.



HANDSHAKE for a convalescing soldier from Marjorie Lawrence after her recital.

Marjorie Lawrence thrills huge audiences of servicemen

By GORDON DE LISLE, R.A.A.F.

Who was formerly a photographer on the staff of The Australian Women's Weekly

I have just had the very great privilege of talking to Marjorie Lawrence, and of hearing her at the concerts that she gave in the remote areas of the Northern Territory.

She is the greatest and most courageous woman I have ever seen. And I think the rest of the 50,000 servicemen who heard her in her tour of Australian forward areas share my admiration.

SHE sang in many varied and bizarre settings, tiny wards in military hospitals to huge open-air theatres seating upwards of five thousand. She sang for servicemen of four great nations, England, America, Australia, and the Netherlands, and she reached the hearts of all.

Miss Lawrence told me that she remembered best the concert she gave in the Darwin Amphitheatre. I will try to describe it to you.

At eleven o'clock in the morning a solitary figure sat engrossed in his "Army News." Round him were many rows of hard, rough planks, slightly raised off the rocky ground. These planks were built to accommodate three thousand men.

At four in the afternoon they were full—and the men were starting to arrive.

Night blotted out a blood-red sunset, and a chill wind began to blow. Three fighters, back from barge-busting, screamed low over us, making for their base, far inland.

At one minute to eight the footlights flashed on, and a hush stole over the khaki and blue audience, 7000 strong.

There came a simple announcement: "My first number will be 'The Lord's Prayer,'" and then Marjorie Lawrence sang her way into our hearts.

As the last notes of the Prayer settled on the audience, a mighty roar of applause swelled and burst from its ranks.

Special programme

MARJORIE LAWRENCE went on, soaring from triumph to triumph.

She sang a little English folk-song, "Because I was Shy." She sang a snatch of "Carmen," a few minutes of "The Valkyrie," "Danny Boy," and her own very fresh and charming version of "Waltzing Matilda."

In all she sang 15 songs, in a perfectly balanced programme designed specially by herself and her husband, Dr. Thomas King, for us.

Raymond Lambert, pianist, and Miss Lawrence's accompanist, gave some perfect solos. The most popular were Liszt's "Liebestraum" and Debussy's "Toccata for Left Hand." For 50 minutes the men sat enthralled until the final stirring

strains of "Rule Britannia" had completed the programme.

Then spontaneously they stood and gave the three strongest and most genuine cheers to be given anybody that has ever visited us.

Behind the rough hessian curtain, Miss Lawrence, tears running unashamedly down her cheeks, could only laugh to Dr. King and say, "The boys liked me—I'm so happy that I could cry."

The following day the party toured Australian and Allied military hospitals.

After each concert Miss Lawrence shook hands with as many of the men as she could reach.

She took the hand of one R.A.N. man, also in a wheel-chair, and said: "I do hope that we are both out of our jeeps soon!"



SEATED in her wheel-chair on the stage, Marjorie Lawrence thrilled her audience as she sang.

Later I spoke with Miss Lawrence and with Dr. King, a smiling, considerate, shy young man.

When Miss Lawrence noticed that I wore the uniform of the R.A.A.F., she turned laughingly to Dr. King, and said: "Didn't we have fun with those airmen we entertained in New York?"

Dr. King said that they had

started their tour within a couple of days of arriving in Australia. Miss Lawrence said, half to herself, "I do want to see the boys in New Guinea."

This fine woman has given us all a lesson in courage and endurance, both physical and mental. We can see that her philosophy is bound up in the poem "Invictus," which she sings at every concert, and which in-

cludes the line, "I am the captain of my Soul."

She is just that!

We agree with the Americans, Marjorie Lawrence, who gave you the title "The Chin-up Girl," and we want to say "Thanks, for everything, hope to see you again soon."

OUR COVER: Featured in art exhibition

John Mills, who painted our cover this week, himself took part in the rescue which he depicts.

Formerly an artist on the staff of The Australian Women's Weekly, he has been serving with the Navy for nearly two years.

HIS cover painting is among the pictures he is exhibiting at his one-man show, which opens at the Macquarie Galleries, Sydney, on August 16, for six days.

The show is being organised by Skipper Lionel Lunn, and all the proceeds, including sales of pictures,

will be given to the Royal Australian Navy Relief Fund.

Subject of the cover is a rescue by Naval Auxiliary Patrol ships of survivors from an R.A.A.F. launch which exploded near Goodenough Island.

The launch had been on its way to rescue the crew of a Beaufort bomber which had crashed into the sea.



SKIPPER JOHN MILLS, R.A.N.V.R. (N.A.P.), with his wife and two-year-old son, Kenneth, on their yacht, Vagrant. Mrs. Mills is also an artist, was formerly Pat O'Neill.

N.A.P. ships picked up the survivors, several of whom were badly burned and suffered shock.

Attempts to extinguish the fire were useless, and the craft was a total loss.

John Mills was mate of the ship in the foreground, and it was this ship which later located the empty rubber dinghy and debris of the crashed Beaufort bomber.

There were no survivors from the plane.

In one of the N.A.P. ships in the picture the O.Tel. (Ordinary Telegraphist) is sending a message by radio asking for an ambulance and doctor to be ready at base.

Another hand drops a scrambling net to aid the survivors.

The two men in the foreground are preparing fire-extinguishing equipment. They are wearing anti-flash gear in case any further explosions occur.

Now a skipper in the N.A.P., Mills studied for his commission while serving in New Guinea waters.

For 14 months he was mate of one of these little ships.

"The skipper (John Gowing) and I often said that in that 14 months the seven of us in the crew lived closer together than we had ever lived with any human beings, even our families," he said.

Family spirit

BUT there is a splendid spirit among the men to compensate for this crowded living. We are like families, and all help one another."

Crews of these little ships do all sorts of jobs for the Navy. They investigate unidentified shipping,

depose mines, transport men and stores to islands, recover spent torpedoes, survey uncharted waters.

"We had plenty of air raids," said Mills. "The closest shave was at Goodenough Island, when a stick of 20 or 30 bombs dropped within 200 yards of us."

"But the greatest enemy of the little ship is the weather. You can't heave-to in those waters because of the danger of reefs."

"One of the best jobs we did was to chart an atoll. There had been no chart of these particular islets made before, and I understand ours is used by the U.S. Navy."

While on active service John Mills painted in all his spare time.

The natives took a great interest in the artist's work. They often carried his painting materials for him, and stood round watching the picture take shape.

One group of natives asked him what he ate to be able to paint like that.

"The girls were difficult to persuade to pose for pictures," he said. "They would not look at their portraits."

"Before I knew their dislike of this I showed a girl her picture. She fled into the bush and I didn't see her again."

Once Mills went away in an M.L. (motor launch) of the R.A.N. for three weeks as a local official war artist.

Before he joined the Navy John Mills was an enthusiastic yachtsman. He still owns his 24ft. auxiliary yacht, and on leave he and his wife and small child spend a lot of time aboard her.

Editorial

AUGUST 12, 1944

BRAVE NEW WORLD

AS the Russian armies roll onward, and the British and Americans develop their advantage in Normandy, the end of the European war moves hearteningly nearer.

The main reaction of every man and woman will be relief that mass slaughter is nearly over.

At the same time, the query becomes more and more insistent: How is the broken world to be patched together again?

How are the hatreds between nations to be decently smoothed over, so that the ordinary man and his wife can resume some sort of happy community life?

Within the boundaries of various countries mutually hostile factions have developed.

Civil war between Chiang Kai-shek and the Communist Army is looming in China.

In Yugoslavia, General Broz-Tito and the Chetniks are awaiting a chance to leap at each other's throats.

France will be bitterly divided into those who "collaborated" and those who did not.

Argentina is in the grip of an aggressive fascist government.

Earlier in the war a spate of books appeared setting forth the authors' recipes for a new world. The flow has almost ceased now.

The construction of a splendid post-war social order no longer seems a simple consequence of Allied victory.

These are times when even the most optimistic feel dashed at thought of the task ahead.

But the smashing of a dream of easily attained Utopia is a blessing in the long run.

For the whole task will be tackled more practically and realistically now that early illusions have been shattered.

Crash landing off Dutch New Guinea

Four-hour swim by airman to escape from Japanese

A fighter squadron pilot in Dutch New Guinea had to make a crash landing when on his way home from a 400-mile ferry trip.

He escaped from Japanese-held territory by a four-hour swim to an island, and after three days was helped by "boongs" to reach an Allied camp.

In a letter to his mother at Bowen, North Queensland, he describes these adventures.

"I DID a crash landing in the water about a mile off the shore. Very gentle it was, and I had plenty of time to sort things out and get into my dinghy.

"Had to wait until dark to go ashore as there were lots of Nippos in the vicinity, and I did not fancy myself with a .38 against what they had to offer.

"That night I walked ten miles along the shore, using all my bushcraft to cover my tracks, and keep myself hidden.

"When I found about 20 Nips sleeping on the beach I decided to swim out to an island I could see in the distance.

"With my Mae West jacket on, I only took four hours to do it. Ended up sleeping on a patch of coral sand just as dawn broke.

"I had great fun on the island for two days, plenty of papaws and coconuts to eat, plenty of water, and a couple of eggs I caught, some sort of hen in the act of laying.

"I was pretty mad at not being able to make a fire, but my matches were wet, and all my other efforts were useless.

"With a little shelter between two rocks, with a roof of cane-work, I thought I was just it.

"I'd lost my boots in the water, and was surprised to find my feet standing up well to the walking on sharp coral and rocks.

"The third morning I found two canoes had landed on the other side of the island.

"With my .38 in one hand and a waddy in the other, I crawled up to them, and was in the act of sending one bloke to heaven, when I found they were 'boongs'.

"Was I happy!

"I used pidgin English to good effect. Found that on an island three miles away was a camp with Aussies, Yanks, and a wireless set.

"Big 'white master' (me in bare feet and beard) got a surprise at the natives' treatment. They lifted the canoe out on the sand so as to stop me from wetting my feet, pulled all the 'bindies' out of my slippers, and made a comfortable seat for me under the sail.

"In three hours I was talking to the troops, smoking innumerable cigarettes and eating an enormous meal.

"Yesterday the boys came along in a 'duck' and brought me home."

Sgt. Alan Antney, R.A.A.F., somewhere in Dutch New Guinea, to his mother, Mrs. M. Antney, Betbern, 94 Coogee Bay Rd., Coogee, N.S.W.:

"FOUR of us started off for a dance at a little town about eight miles from here, but, sorry to say, we got lost, and never found the place at all, but we met a couple of Canadian soldiers, and they took us out to their camp, which is in a



HUT IN THE NORTH. L/Cpls. R. Butters and J. Weichard in front of their hut in Northern Australia. Photo sent by Miss Muriel Butters, 112 Walpole St., Kew, Vic.

little seaside town some fourteen miles along the coast.

"We had quite a time finding their camp, as the night was pitch black, and they didn't know their way very well.

"About 12 o'clock we found ourselves, hopelessly lost again, out in the moors, and wandered for a couple of miles looking for a house. Eventually we came across a large brick house with a 'tall brick wall round it, so over the wall we went and proceeded to look the place over.

"All the windows had iron bars over them, and I shone my torch in one, and it appeared just like an ordinary lounge-room, so we knocked on the door.

"Nobody came, so after another five minutes we opened the door and walked in.

"Gee, it was a funny house. There were old-fashioned handkerchiefs hanging on a wall and a strait-jacket, and in a large book on a shelf were the names of what were termed 'Casual inmates'.



HAPPY QUARTET. Gnr. M. G. Scheje (Qld.) and W. J. Payne, R. N. Tilbury, and M. Colbert, all of New South Wales, pose in front of their tent. Photo sent by Mrs. Colbert, 19 Albert St., Hornsby, N.S.W.

"I'm sure it must have been a lunatic asylum or some such thing.

"Anyway, we got out of the place as fast as we could, and eventually came to a police station, and one of the cops put us on to the right track, and we hitched a ride right into the town where the soldiers were billeted."

Ldg/Wtr. E. W. Norwood, H.M.A.S. Moresby, to his wife at 8 Alton Ave., Mid. Brighton, Vic.:

"WHILE in the harbor where we were, we were entertained in the evening by the band of one of the local A.I.F. battalions.

"They came aboard with their battered old instruments and gave us quite a good concert.

"It struck me as being strange when we looked round in the moonlight to the shattered trees of the nearby islands and the battered skeletons of an occasional building, to be listening to a band and singing old songs, and to think that not many days before this spot was in the hands of the Japs.

"Hell on earth had reigned; they had died, probably almost to a man.

"Some of ours had gone, too. Had gone over the border, and there we were singing 'Tipperary', 'Take Me Back to Blighty', 'Bless 'Em All'.

"In the midst of death we are in life' should be the quotation."

Tpr. H. E. Gray, with a commando unit somewhere in New Guinea, to Miss Polly King, special appeals officer, Kindergarten Union of N.S.W.:

"SINCE arriving in New Guinea 11 months ago we have been in the Ramu Valley, and mostly on the move. Away from the established lines of communication, all our supplies of food, ammunition and equipment are airborne, and dropped by parachute.

"These transport people have done wonderful work up here, often under appalling flying conditions.

"It was pretty galling at times to see our much-needed supplies and parcels being dropped in the river, or so close to enemy posts that our chance of retrieving them was just not worth the risk.

"Our friend the Nip watched supplies that drifted near his territory, and sportingly would take up an ambush position waiting for our lads to come searching.

"This we did, about 20 strong, and attacked them from the rear, but they had always made sure of the supplies first."

TRUE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting Services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen.

For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For briefer extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

What's on your mind?

Endowment

THERE should be endowment for a first child. Here is my case: My husband was directed to an essential job at 30/- weekly less than he had earned.

We have only one child, so get no endowment. I make all his clothes, but they have still proved very expensive this winter. Cheapest warm shirt material is 5/6 a yard, flannelette for pyjamas 2/4 a yard.

Shoes cost 12/- a pair—cheaper ones are trash. I have paid doctor's bills amounting to three guineas in the past three months. Soon I will have to buy a single bed, as the boy is outgrowing his cot. He is eating more as he grows older, therefore I am spending more on food.

There is little left for household goods, and none to put by for the future, as we are advised on hubby's pay envelope.

Sydney. —E.L.A.

Country life

IN the post-war world we must see country children have the opportunity of higher education. Many of them are denied professional or technical training because their parents cannot afford to pay board in the city as well as necessary fees.

Another disadvantage is the loneliness of country life, with its lack of social contacts which help to develop character and breadth of outlook.

Plans should be made to put country and city children on a more equal footing.

Bowral, N.S.W. —Country Girl.

Wages

TYPIST'S letter (15/8/44) interested me. I am an 18-year-old shop assistant earning 30/- a week which, I am informed, is 1/6 above the award wage.

I pay 10/- a week at home. Fares and lunches cost me about 8/- weekly, and music lesson 4/-

READERS are invited to write to this column expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 200 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 9. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication.

The Editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

weekly. That leaves me with 8/- to clothe and amuse myself. Where would I be if I had to pay full board?

Yes, it is high time something was done about wages of junior girl workers.

Rockhampton, Qld. —Mesina.

For aged

IN fixing the quotas of tea and butter, the Rationing Commission seems to have forgotten the needs of old people, especially pensioners.

Many aged men and women live for their bread and butter and their pot of tea, a contrast with younger folk who can sit down and enjoy a square meal.

Perhaps some extra allowance could be made for the "over sixties"?

Ashbury, N.S.W.

Sunshine

EVERY one of the new houses being built under various schemes should be so designed as to get the morning sunshine on its kitchen. Many man-designed houses have the kitchen cold in the mornings and too warm when the afternoon cooking is being done.

Spring Vale, Vic. —Mother.



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep.

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"You've been coming here for five years now, Mrs. Broadbent. Why don't you just give up and get yourself a larger giraffe?"

Learning newest hit tunes

Listeners to Station 2GB can learn the words and tunes of the latest hit numbers by listening to Jack Lumsdaine's session, "Learn a Tune," on Mondays and Wednesdays at 7.45 p.m., beginning on August 14.

In each quarter-hour session Jack Lumsdaine features a new song hit.

He introduces the number and the vocalist sings the chorus. Then Lumsdaine plays the tune slowly, reading the words several times, and gives listeners plenty of time to write them down.

Afterwards Jack and the featured vocalist sing the number as a duet. Singers who will assist Jack Lumsdaine include Norma Beattie, 15-year-old Joan Clarke, Judy Stretton, and Don Furness.

"Learn a Tune" proved a popular session when it was in 2GB's early evening session. Fan letters came from as far afield as New Zealand. Some listeners formed themselves into groups, and factory girls learned tunes while they worked.

Now that it has been promoted to the evening session the feature will be heard by a greater number of listeners.

Some of the numbers selected for inclusion in this session are "The Music Stopped," "When It Comes to Love," "A Lovely Way to Spend an Evening," "I Couldn't Sleep a Wink Last Night," and "All Our Tommorrow's."

Jack will also teach listeners his latest song composition, "Am I?"

"Am I?" has only recently been published, and had its premiere in "Australia Sings," sung by Don Furness.

Jack Lumsdaine is a versatile musician. His experience includes playing, singing, composing, and orchestral arrangements.

Among his compositions are "Curl the Mo, Uncle Joe," "Scallywag," "Bombs," "Don't Worry," "The Face of My Old Sweetheart," "Where the Shannon Flows Down to the Sea," "England in the Morning," "Digger," "Wodonga," "Cobber of Mine," "Somewhere South of Shanghai," "Tween Decks," and "Tipperary Days."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 to 5 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, August 9: Reg. Edwards' Gardening Talk.

THURSDAY, August 10 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Charades."

FRIDAY, August 11: The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Goodie Reeve in 'Gems of Melody'."

SATURDAY, August 12: Goodie Reeve presents "Radio Competition."

"Melody Funnies."

SUNDAY, August 13 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."

MONDAY, August 14: Goodie Reeve's "Letters from Our Boys."

TUESDAY, August 15: "Musical Alphabet."



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, is on the trail of NAILS: A gangster, who kidnapped LOTHAR: Mandrake's giant Nubian servant, in an attempt to stop Lothar's appearance at a championship wrestling match. Lothar escaped, but broke his arm in doing so.

Mandrake gets into Nails' hideout by hypnotizing the gatekeeper. Nails sends a thug to intercept Mandrake. But Mandrake casts another hypnotic spell. The thug sees two Mandrakes, and follows the image while the real magician hides. NOW READ ON:



THE THUG FIRES AT THE FIGURE-IMAGE OF MANDRAKE-- AND FIRES AGAIN--AND AGAIN--AND AGAIN--



THE THUG FACES THE HYPNOTIC FIGURE-IMAGE OF MANDRAKE...



AND MANDRAKE SUDDENLY SEEMS TO VANISH IN THIN AIR--AS THE HYPNOTIC SPELL BREAKS--



I FINISHED HIM, NAILS. DON'T ASK ME HOW--IT'S TOO MIXED UP--BUT HE'S GONE---



MANDRAKE'S EYES BURN HYPNOTICALLY--

TO BE CONTINUED

Battling way to Archangel with British ship



ICEBREAKER IN THE ARCTIC. Convoys to Russia pass through seas dangerously full of ice.

Captain recorded Arctic adventure in his diary

Frank Harvey, a British sea captain, learned on reaching an Australian port recently that he had been awarded Lloyd's War Medal for bravery at sea, but he does not know yet the reason for the award.

Yet the diary in which he records his sea adventures suggests there might be plenty of reasons.

He already wears the ribbons of the D.S.O. awarded for his work with a convoy to Russia, and the General Service, Merchant Navy, and Victory medals of the last war when he joined the Royal Navy and served on a minelayer.

FRANK HARVEY, from Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, went to sea in 1901 as an apprentice on the three-masted sailing ship *Hillston*. In port with him here was his chief officer, Edward Leech, who shared with him the hazards of the Russian journey and who won the D.S.C. at the same time.

Two years ago they brought the *Empire Tide* safely into Archangel. She was one of four ships of a convoy of forty to survive attacks from German dive-bombers, submarines, and warships.

The *Empire Tide*, of 3000 tons, carried a crew of 60, and among them they won six distinguished decorations, including the captain's D.S.O. and Chief Officer Leech's D.S.C. They have been together on different ships for some years.

While he was in Australia Captain Harvey told from his diary the story of the Russian convoy.

"The convoy assembled at a port in Northern Scotland, then we spent a month at Iceland replenishing our stores and gathering more ships from the States.

"At the end of June forty ships left Iceland with a very strong escort and a larger escort shadowing.

"About two days out, just to make things more difficult, large and small icebergs began popping up out of the fog, and we were kept busy dodging in and out and very often hitting lumps of heavy ice with sickening thuds.

"Then one ship must have hit one pretty hard and got windy, for he wirelessed to the commodore, saying he had holed himself in the ice, and what should he do with his ship.

"The fat was now in the fire, and Jerry knew that we were on our way, and would soon be looking for us.

"Next morning a Bloom and Voss reconnaissance plane started shadowing the convoy.

"The B. and V. was circling the convoy all day and night in an anti-clock circle just on the edge of

the fog bank.

"Before long everyone began to get a 'Wimble-don neck' watching the fellow round and round.

"To relieve the tension a waggish destroyer officer sent the B. and V. a signal asking him to please go round the other way as we were all dizzy watching him.

"Back, without any hesitation, came the answer: 'Certainly, anything to oblige the British Navy.'

"Then he turned and went round in the other direction, quite chummy-like.

"Later the B. and V. was joined by a *Focke-Wulf*, and we knew it was coming.

"Cocoa was served and a few sandwiches circulated round, as everyone was at action stations by now.

"On July 4 the fun started—wave after wave of torpedo-carrying aircraft attacked continuously, assisted ably by submarines.

"Several ships were sunk, but the aircraft suffered terrific losses, and we pumped everything we had got into them.

"During the attack Gunner Haddell was wounded.

"Then came a nice bit of fog, and we lost them for a bit—clothes were changed and tea served.

"Later they came back, and the attack was fiercer still.

"Then, oh, woe is me, news came that *Tirpitz*, *Ludwig*, and several others were 29 miles away and heading across our track astern.

"Orders came to withdraw all escorts to screen the big ships, which were rushing to give battle to the Huns, and also ordering the convoy to scatter.

"It was then that the planes and the subs were able to pick out their victims just as they liked, and many more ships were sunk.

"But I am glad to say most of the merchant ships put up good fights, and many planes were brought down and submarines were hit.

"This hide and seek went on until we got to the ice barrier, and on July 5 attacks were still going on



CAPTAIN FRANK HARVEY who, while in an Australian port recently, told thrilling stories of the northern convoys that carry supplies to the Soviet.

and ships being sunk. Planes were sighted, and action stations maintained day and night.

"I have never prayed for fog before or since, but I did pray for it then, and what is more, got it.

"We turned east, and next day sighted Admiralty Point. We were by this time all pretty exhausted.

"Our wounded gunner was in great pain.

"Between us, several of us had put in seventeen stitches in the front part of his thigh.

"Later these had to be taken out again, as the shattered bone had begun to suppurate. As we weren't surgeons, you can imagine the pain the poor chap went through.

"May I say here, he was a gallant gentleman.

"We sighted Golety Island on the chart—a nice place to spend a few hours and get a bit of rest for the night.

"But we had a bit of bad luck here. The chart shows 17 fathoms at the entrance, where, as a matter of fact, there are only 21, so we spent the night getting the ship off, which we eventually did.

"At about 8.30 we saw a ship ahead

and were overhauling her rapidly. Suddenly she began to sink by the head.

"At the same time three subs surfaced; well, three is rather too much, so we turned tail and beat it for shelter.

"We reached a nice funk-hole at the back of Karmakulsky Island, and anchored.

"There were a few huts, so we went ashore with the interpreter to see what they could do for us, and to our joy found they had a small transmitting station there.

"We sent a message to Archangel, reporting our position and asking for medical aid for the gunner.

"July 8.—Just waiting and wondering what is going to happen. Went ashore twice—nothing doing, no answer.

"July 9.—Nothing doing. Feeling very despondent, can't sleep. Have I done right? Gunner worse, poor chap.

"July 10.—This is awful. Went ashore again—no news. No, nothing, not even sleep. Caught a lot of ducks—pardon—seagulls, and had them for supper. Horrible, still, it's food.

"July 11.—Russian plane arrived, with medical aid and Russian officials, who instructed me to stay here until help arrived, as the Jerries were looking for us, and had said they had sunk the *Empire Tide* with all hands. Nice fellows!

"They took Haddell away to hospital and said another plane was looking for survivors of other ships.

"July 12.—Feel better to-day, but still feel like a rat in a hole. Scared stiff. Got some more ducks to-day—also had my first hour's sleep.

"July 13.—Same old thing, nothing doing. Still, we are all safe. That is something. I find they feed the sled-dogs on the ducks ashore. Feel like barking myself!

"July 14.—Small drifter arrived with two planes with 41 survivors. These were all brought on board in our little motor-boat, and everything was done to make them comfortable, our staff working in splendid style. I am proud of them all.

"July 15.—Guests beginning to look better after a good sleep and a wash. Water and food situation reviewed—must cut down again at once. Went ashore to put up signs for survivors who had been sighted down the coast over the rocks, must have walked twenty miles—feel very worn out.

"July 16.—Russian drifter arrived with about 100 more survivors, also some stores and lifeboats. We towed all these alongside and embarked the men, then went back and took twenty-seven badly frostbitten men up to the settlement on the hill for



SUBMARINE LOOKOUTS on a destroyer escorting Arctic convoy.

first-aid. Later put eight of them on board plane to be flown to hospital for treatment, and I fear amputation, poor chaps.

"We are now a big party on board—everywhere there are exhausted men lying round—some have very bad feet.

"Massaging their feet for them, found out it was sea-anchor oil and not massage oil. Still, they all said it felt better, so I hope it did good.

"The rest of the time was spent looking after survivors. One day a Jerry plane arrived. Went to action stations, but nothing happened. Had show.

"Later, brought back a pal—I think, taking photos.

"Next day got more water and filled domestic tank. Seems good water—anyway, no one ill yet. Hunting party ashore getting ducks. 9.30: Corvette arrived. Oh, joy, what relief, nearly cried.

"Asked if we could be ready to sail next day. Answer can sail in an hour, if necessary, but he had to go away to contact a convoy formed of a few lame ducks like ourselves.

"Got all campers in and sick from settlement. Now have 214 survivors on board, twenty of them helpless. "Slung lifeboats all round on derricks. Hope we are not attacked, but of a mess it we are. Still, our luck will hold, I'm sure.

"Had fire and boat drill. Later Corvette came back and said 'Come on.'

"How lovely to feel the old *Tide* beginning to wriggle again. Midnight! All clear of reefs and off we go.

"11 a.m.: Settlement shelled by sub—W.T. station destroyed. Didn't hear this till we got to Archangel. Hope none of those brave people have been killed.

"July 24.—Arrived Archangel.

"July 25.—Survivors landed. As



there are 3500 here already, they look like having a thin time.

"However, we were at our destination, and once more Great Britain has delivered the goods.

"But of the 40 ships which left home, one ran ashore leaving Iceland, one returned after hitting an iceberg, and 33 were sunk by enemy action, one made the Norwegian coast and was captured complete, ship's cargo and crew, and four got to their destination, two being rescue ships.

"The Russians are wonderful people, and are determined to win the war as quickly as possible."

The *Empire Tide* sailed for home on September 12 with a cargo of phosphates and cotton and 22 survivors aboard.

Early in the six weeks' journey the convoy was followed by enemy planes, an aircraft-carrier, escort vessels, and submarines.

The Somali "went up in a red explosion," and two days later four more ships were sunk. The commodore of the convoy, Commander Dowling, D.S.C., "enjoyed his third sinking since leaving home," but was still safe.

Captain Harvey reached Loch Awe in October and "removed clothes and had a nice sleep."

Two days later he docked at Hull—"all fun and games now ended."



Nurses and Aamws in exciting hockey match



SPECTATORS provide spirited barracking. Left to right: Ptes. G. Laughton, R. Carmody (Qld.), Lieuts. G. Mitchell (Bris.), J. Fowell (Syd.), J. MacPherson, (Melb.), M. W. Armstrong (Melb.).

NURSES' TEAM PLAYS A.A.M.W.S. TEAM in exciting hockey match at an Army hospital somewhere in Australia. Regular matches provide afternoon's entertainment for hospital personnel and convalescent patients.



A.A.M.W.S. COACH, Pte. Duke, gives some advice during half-time. Girls play in old uniforms. Some are experienced players, others played for the first time a few months ago.



GOOD SAVE BY MEMBERS OF THE NURSES' TEAM. Two hospitals in the district have each formed an A.A.N.S. and an A.A.M.W.S. team. First round this season resulted in a draw for the two sisters' teams. "Come on the greys," and "I won't help you to make the beds if you don't win," are two favorite barracking cries from soldier patients.



LEMONS AT HALF-TIME, distributed by the sisters' captain, Sister J. G. Dickson, to Sisters Cynthia Mumme (gonlie) and Woods.—Pictures by staff photographer JACK BICKSON.



RESTING IN THEIR GOAL AT HALF-TIME. Left to right: Aamies Grace Watson, Phil Goss, Maizie Harper, Marjorie Angus, Anne Scot-Skirring.

HE said, "Now let's get a few facts straight, Aunt Olive. Peckham disappeared Wednesday night, January 29, or rather Thursday morning at one o'clock. When did you first hear of it?"

"The next morning. We'd had a few friends in for bridge the night before. Abby and I were straightening things the next morning when Steve called to tell me about it. Bundy asked him to."

"Had Steve notified the police?"

"No. It was just nine o'clock then. They didn't know that Mr. Peckham hadn't spent the night at a hotel just to scare Bundy and his wife. He was like that. We talked it over and decided to wait to avoid the publicity."

"When did they call the police?"

"About three in the afternoon, just after his car had been found parked. Though even then nobody was much disturbed. The police assured the Peckhams that nine out of ten 'missing' people turn up in a few days."

"Yes, that's so." Bill scribbled in his notebook. Presently he said, "Tell me about Stephen James. Who is he? What do you know about him?"

Mrs. Paige said, "I'm very fond of Steve. He's been sweet. He has an interest in half a dozen little businesses in town and he's very public-spirited. He's a sort of collector of funds for the Red Cross, Community Chest, and other funds. Volunteer, you know."

Mrs. Gilliam began to talk vigorously. Bill had never noticed how much emotion can be thrown into a little fancy work. He asked, "How did you meet him?"

Mrs. Paige said, "Oh, last year I sent in an unsolicited donation to the Community Chest, and Steve came out to thank me for it."

"Gosh. Does he thank everyone in person?"

Mrs. Gilliam looked over her glasses. "Everybody doesn't give five thousand."

"Well, what of it, Abby? You know I always give that much

wherever I happen to be. It's that or taxes."

"I know, my dear. And it's your money, too. None of my business, but just the same, they don't get five thousand every day."

Mrs. Paige burst out, "I can't see why you dislike Steve so much, Abby. It isn't like you."

Mrs. Gilliam shrugged. "Let's not go into that again. I just don't like him and never will. I don't like to see anyone working you. Most of the time you're too generous for your own good."

"He isn't working me."

"All right. So I'm wrong." Mrs. Gilliam set her lips.

"Girls, girls!" Bill said.

"Anyway," said Mrs. Paige crossly, "he brought Bundy out to call, and we remembered we'd known her grandfather, and that's how we got to know her."

Bill asked, "By the way, Aunt Olive, how did Steve get that limp?"

"I don't know for sure, but I think he pushed some child out of the way of a car."

Mrs. Gilliam dropped her hands in her lap with the air of one pushed too far. "My dear, that is sheer fantasy. You made that up and asked him if it wasn't so. Now you've almost made yourself believe it!"

"Why, Abby Gilliam. How can you—"

The telephone screeched in the hall. Mrs. Paige bounced up. "I'll go. Maybe it's Steve."

As soon as she had left the room, Mrs. Gilliam leaned forward. "He has simply buttered Olive up, and waited on her till she thinks he's wonderful. I've tried to open her eyes, but you see what I'm up against."

There was so much virulence in her whisper that Bill wondered. Perhaps, for some reason, she didn't want Steve hanging round. Maybe friend Abby is jealous of friend Steve. Wants to be nearest and dearest herself.

Continuing . . . Murder In Tow

from page 3

Mrs. Paige came into the room again. Her voice shook.

"They've been questioning Bundy for hours and hours, Steve said. He's nearly insane. The police don't seem to believe Bundy. You see, she left her grandfather at the pier, and that's practically where he was found. Nobody saw her leave. They keep trying to trap her into making a mistake. The police insist she could have thrown him off and driven away."

"Oh! How cruel. As if she would!" Mrs. Gilliam clutched her tating in tense hands.

Mrs. Paige's contempt was explosive. "They say it was an impulse. They say she's impulsive. Well, she is. But not that way."

"Olive, has the doctor announced the cause of death?"

"Yes. Steve says they told him the old man was strangled. There was a wire round his neck."

"Oh!" Bill was surprised to feel steamy heat rising from under his collar. "Are they implying that girl had the physical strength to kill Peckham that way?"

"Imply nothing. My dear, they practically accuse her. Oh, William, I'm worried sick. You haven't heard the worst part." She paused to take a grip on herself. "That wire was a piece of clothesline hacked off unevenly. The police claim it fits exactly a newly cut end of wire from the Peckhams' own clothesline. Oh, what shall we do?"

Bill was silenced. Shocked. And just a little afraid.

Bill was awakened by a knock on his door. He opened one eye. His bed was striped with gold sunlight.

"William? Are you awake?" The voice increased.

He groaned and turned over.

"No!" Just slip a robe over your pyjamas, darling," ordered Mrs. Paige's voice through the door. "I have Steve out here."

Bill knew it was as useless to argue with her as with revellie. A few minutes later he appeared on the breakfast porch where Mrs. Paige sat in a long white robe.

She was pouring coffee for Stephen James. He sat with hands pressed to his forehead, elbows on the table. At Bill's entrance he raised bloodshot eyes, glazed with fatigue.

She said, "I thought it would be a good thing for us to get organised early. Sit down, William." She poured another cup of coffee, passed him bacon, biscuits, marmalade. "Steve, dear, won't you try to eat something? Just to please me?"

He put a biscuit, unbuttoned, up to stiff, dry lips, and broke off a small bite. Took a sip of coffee.

"I can't stand it, to have her questioned like that," he whispered. "Hours and hours. Why don't they believe her? She's telling the truth. Anyone can see it. Anyone but these infernal, prejudiced police."

"Oh, don't, Steve, please. We can't go to pieces, any of us. We've got to keep our wits about us to help her." Mrs. Paige pleaded with him: "William's one of the smartest detectives in the Michigan State Police. He's never failed to solve every murder case he's been up. He'll clear Bundy in a few days and—"

"Aunt Olive, please!" Bill crashed in. "Nobody could live up to that build-up, particularly me. I certainly do want to help if I can without interfering with the police."

"Oh, confound the police," Steve snapped. "You don't know what that girl's enduring. I can't stand it, I tell you."

Mrs. Paige said, "Yes, we know, dear. But you let William sort of run things. After all, it's his business."

Steve sagged. "I know. But you said he was sick. He ought to be resting. After all, it isn't his headache. And to be brutal about it, I'm broke. As usual, I couldn't pay."

"Who's talking about paying?" Mrs. Paige was outraged.

Bill said, "I couldn't take money from you, James, while my salary is still being paid by the State of Michigan. Besides, I don't know that I can be of any help. But I'll try."

Mrs. Gilliam came into the dining-room. She smiled sardonically at Bill over the heads of the others.

Mrs. Paige poured more coffee. "Now, William, what shall we do?

You must give us each an assignment."

Bill said, "First I'll want to talk to Bundy. She isn't under arrest, is she, Mr. James?"

"Steve, please. No. She's not in a cell, but it's the same thing. They're a twenty-four-hour guard on the house. The police are going to talk to her again this morning. Goodness knows what else she can say. She has told them, over and over, what happened."

Bill said, "Call me when they're through, Steve. I think the captain won't mind if I talk to her, especially if you're along. You seem to be in with them."

"Okay." He rose to go.

Mrs. Paige said, "William, don't forget Abby and I want to help. What shall we do?"

"You'll have to wait till I've talked to Bundy, Aunt Olive." He went out with Steve to his car.

He didn't feel he knew Stephen James any better for all this talk. A hard, dark young man. Life had slammed him round, and he was not going to be caught again.

Petunia's big brother, Hod, came out of the garage. He wanted the pleasure of washing and polishing Bill's car.

"Ain't he'dly nothin' to do round here?" Hod was, apparently, that amazing phenomenon, a colored boy who liked work.

"Help yourself." Bill glanced into the garage.

There were three stalls. The second held Mrs. Paige's big sedan. The third was occupied by a coupe that had met an immovable object. Hod, seeing his interest, looked round furtively, then whispered: "Mis' Gilliam learnin' to drive?"

Bill walked round the wreck. It was not hopeless. The fenders were smashed in; the rear bumper was scratched with white; the headlights were cracked.

"Why doesn't she have it repaired, Hod?"

He shrugged. "Pussan don't dare mention it. Make Mis' Gilliam spit-tin' mad. She say it ailly neitruh she or Mis' Olive can drive. She say she boun' to luhin' iffen it kills de bof o' m."

Hod said he had gone to collect the two women after the accident. They had jumped a kerb, cannoned off a lamp-post, and knocked over one of the small cement obelisks used for street markers. He had been able to drive the car home very slowly under its own power, but it needed repairing to run properly.

BILL wasn't looking for an argument. He stretched out in a deck chair in the warm sunlight. His tired body relaxed.

At eleven his aunt brought out a telegram that had just arrived. It was a coded answer from the police in East Lansing. The car licence in which he was interested had been issued to one Albert Sinclair for a 1939 coupe, Michigan address, Oak City, Southern address, unknown.

Mrs. Paige eyed him speculatively as he read it. "Is it something about the case?"

"I'll know later."

She sniffed and glanced at the tiny jewelled watch on her wrist. "It's eleven, my dear. Couldn't you be doing something — to help Bundy?"

"Like what?" He grinned teasingly.

"William, aren't you interested at all in what happens to Bundy? Doesn't it matter?"

"Certainly. Can't a man think?"

She gave him a look that browned him around the edges. Her rose silk suit was buttoned awry. She had mussed her hair pulling on her house. Bill leaned forward and adjusted her buttons. He tried to tuck in a wisp of hair, but she jerked away.

"Stop picking at me. Tell Petunia when you want lunch." She started off, pulling on a rose linen hat she'd been carrying.

"And where will you be?"

She smiled caressingly. "Out. Abby and I both feel that somebody should be doing things."

"Touche or something." Bill yawned. "Try to keep out of gaol."

The car backed out of the garage with Hod in chauffeur's uniform. Mrs. Gilliam skipped out of the house. Bill hoped for the best. He looked in the telephone directory but found no Albert Sinclair listed.

At twelve-thirty he lunched alone. Mrs. Warner bestowed the honor of her vast ebony service on him. The lunch was elaborate, ending with a small white-frosted cake baked

Animal Antics



"He owed me some back wages, so I foreclosed."

especially for him. Bill dealt manfully with it.

Stephen James arrived just as Bill was starting to drink his last cup of tea. He refused a piece of cake.

"No, thanks. I've had lunch." He sat on the edge of a chair and drummed on the table. "I don't want to hurry you, but the police left a few minutes ago. I don't think they're coming right back. It would be a good time to talk to Bundy."

Bill agreed. As he and Steve left the house Mrs. Warner, in a street costume of violet satin, waddled round the house. She hinted that she was bound for the city. But Steve wasn't even conscious of her. He drove off, leaving her pouting after them.

The Peckhams lived in one of the many white bungalows on Thirteenth Avenue, north. Their white-roofed, azure-shuttered house was overshadowed by a tremendous banyan tree. The policeman parked at the kerb gave Steve and Bill a friendly, bored salute with one finger.

Steve walked into the house without ceremony. "Hey, Bundy!"

She came into the hall in a yellow wool dress with a queer, heavy silver necklace round her throat. Bill felt something in him start to pound. Steve seemed unmoved.

"Oh, Steve," she gasped, "I can't stand it." She moved toward him.

"Where's Corinne?" Steve asked.

"She's gone to the bank with Grandpa's lawyer."

"Aha." Steve led the way into a pretty living-room. Pale green-blue and cream with a big rose, white, and black rug on the floor. Everyone sat down. Steve nodded at Bill. "It's all yours, French."

Bundy crouched on the front half of her chair. What she had gone through in the past eighteen hours quivered about her mouth. It shone in dark terror from her eyes. But her lips were proud and tight. Bill was a little annoyed with Stephen James. Would it hurt to waste a minute comforting the kid?

But Bill only began in a pleasant, casual way: "Bundy, can you remember if all three of you, your grandfather, his wife, and you, were here for dinner the night he disappeared?"

"Yes, I remember." Her voice was husky, forced. "Corinne wasn't here. She went to a big picnic two of the State tourist societies gave at the Centre. She has a lot of friends. Grandpa wouldn't go. He hated parties. She often went without him."

"Do you know the names of any of her friends?"

"Yes." She told him. Bill wrote them down. "But I don't know where they live."

"Try the Chamber of Commerce."

Steve said, "Most people register."

"Did Mrs. Peckham go alone?"

"She walked down the street from here about five-thirty. I don't know if she met anyone or not."

"And you?" He asked her.

"I was here. I had dinner with Grandpa, and at eight I took him to Mr. Tollman's house on the south side."

"He was your grandfather's crippled friend?"

"Yes. After I left him there I came home. Steve was here."

"From nine to ten-thirty." Steve contributed.

Please turn to page 18

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 164-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

• THE WORDS and TUNES of the HITS of the MOMENT
They're easy to learn Jack Lumsdaine's way
2GB Mon. and Wed., 7.45 p.m.
Commencing August 14

As I Read the S.T.A.R.S. by JUNE MARSDEN

THE people most likely to enjoy progress and advantageous changes this week are those born under the signs of Aries and Leo.

Geminians, Sagittarians, and Librans can benefit somewhat, too. But Taurians and Scorpius must be cautious and patient.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Good fortune possible if you use forethought and work hard. August 8 poor to 3 p.m., then excellent. August 9 (sunrise and evening) good. August 12 (2 to 4 p.m.) good. August 12 (to 9 p.m.) poor.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Beware pitfalls, worry, indiscretions. Be amiable, and do not pick quarrels, especially on August 8 (to 4 p.m.), August 10, 11, 12, and 13.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 22): August 8 (after 4 p.m.) and August 9 (mid-evening) very fair. August 12 (mid-afternoon) helpful.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): An unspectacular week though August 10 (to sunset) very fair. August 11 (forenoon and 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.) August 12 and 15 (early), and August 16 (to noon) fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Seek progress and change now. August 8 (after 3 p.m.) good. August 9 (near sunrise and mid-evening) good. August 12 (2 p.m. to 4 p.m.) fair.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Plan ahead. Better weeks soon. Meanwhile handle outstanding matters. August 10 (forenoon) to sunset fair.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): August 12 (2 p.m. to 4 p.m.) fair. August 13 (forenoon and evening) poor. August 14, 15, 16, and 19 poor.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Be discreet, patient, and diligent. Troubles can beat you, especially on August 8 (to 2 p.m.), August 10, 11, 12, and 13.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Seek advancement on August 8, preferably after 4 p.m. August 9 (round sunrise and mid-evening) very good. August 12 and 13 poor.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): Plan ahead for better times soon. August 10 (forenoon and evening) helpful. August 11 (to 8 a.m. and from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.) good.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Beware any speech, writing, or action which may bring separation, losses, and regrets, especially on August 8 (to 3 p.m.), August 10 (evening) worst, August 11, 12, 13, 14, and 15.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): Get important matters well in hand now, if possible. Avoid new ventures. August 10 (evening), August 11 (to 8 a.m. and from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m.), and August 15 mostly helpful.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]

FILM GUIDE

Cry Havoc. MGM's film version of a much-publicised play, revolving round a group of nurses caught in a bomb-shelter in Bataan, is disappointing. Lack of action and an artificial approach are the main faults, but individual performances are fine. Margaret Sullivan is outstanding, and Ann Southern, Joan Blondell, and Fay Bainter do well in supporting roles. Dealing with such a theme, this film should be a stirring production, but never once does either script or direction come near to the high standard of the acting.—St. James; showing.

Texas to Tokio. If Universal planned this dreary piece of flag-waving as a tribute to the huge officers' training centre in Texas, they have flopped badly. Richard Quine has neither the ability nor personality for a hero. Noah Berry, fun, has an engaging manner, but his role provides few opportunities. Romance is supplied by starlets Anne Gwynne and Martha O'Driscoll, both adequate for their roles, but certainly not outstanding.—Civic; showing.

Weird Woman. A studious professor (Lon Chaney of all people) returns from a tropic isle with an exotic bride (Anne Gwynne), and gets tangled up in a confusing series of psychological conflicts. Evelyn Ankers is the jealous menace. It's all very confusing and certainly not worth the efforts Universal have wasted.—Capitol; showing.



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Fashion PATTERNS

F3398.—Designed for smart day wear. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

P 3 3 9 2.—Attractive frock with accents on waistline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2½yds. 54in. wide, and 1yd. 36in. wide, contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F6760.—Princess-line frock, a smartly slenderising style. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 54in. wide, and 1yd. 36in. wide, contrast. Pattern, 1/7.

F6866.—Decidedly smart, very, very attractive suit for special occasions. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should: * Write your name and address in block letters. * Be sure to include necessary stamps and postal notes. * State size required. * For children state age of child. * Use box numbers given on this page.



F3392

F6760

F6866

Needlework Notions

494

NOVEL SET OF POT-HOLDERS

As you can see, these pot-holders carry amusing vegetable motifs which can be worked by any school-girl. Simple outline stitch will do.

The set comes to you with circular pattern and motifs traced on to the material called Sargalin. The colors available are pink, orange, and emerald-green. Embroider them in gay colors and bind edges as shown in illustration.

Complete set of three costs 4/10, postage 2½d. No coupons. When ordering ask for No. 494 and state color or colors desired.

POWDER-PUFF & COMB-CASE
This set would make a charming little gift for a bride-to-be. The dainty embroidery motif is stamped on the ready-to-cut-and-sew material.

The chosen material is a fine white organdie which always comes fresh and crisp from the laundry. The edges can be trimmed with self ruffles or edged with lace or crocheted. Work motif in pretty muted shades. Price for the set 3/6 plus 2½d. postage. No coupons. When ordering please ask for No. 495.

F496.—Neat, well-cut slip for the 12 to 14-year-olds, and the 14 to 16, and 16 to 18-year-old misses. Requires 2½yds. 36in. wide. Pattern, 1/7.

F496

495

THREE BRASSIERES to fit sizes 32, 34, and 36in. bust measurement.
No. 1.—Requires 1yd. 36in. wide.
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Plus 1yd. of ribbon for straps.

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How to obtain "HILDA". In N.W. obtain postal note for required amount and send to Box 3498WR, G.P.O., Sydney. In other States use address given on this page. When ordering, please give length, hip, and bust measurements.





FAREWELL TO W.A.A.A.F. Lady Gowrie (right) with Group-Officer Clare Stevenson, Director of W.A.A.A.F., and Wing-Commander Norman Mulroney, senior Administration Staff officer at Eastern Area Headquarters, at W.A.A.A.F. mess at Hopewood House, Darling Point, when Lady Gowrie was entertained at afternoon tea by senior officers.



PLANNING WEDDING. Flight-Lieut. Lloyd Maundrell, R.A.A.F., who recently returned to Australia after three and a half years' service overseas in Middle East, Malta, and Italy, and fiancée Cpl. Kathleen McLeod Brown, W.A.A.A.F., attached to public relations, Eastern Area, plan wedding for September 7. Lloyd wears Africa Star ribbon.



MARRIED IN ENGLAND. Wing-Commander Ian Esplin, D.F.C., R.A.F., and his pretty A.T.S. bride, formerly Subaltern Patricia Barlow, who marry at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, England. Ian is son of Mr. and Mrs. Donald Esplin, of Waverton.

On and off Duty.

INTERESTED to hear that 360 members of Women's Naval Service have joined three auxiliary Services since Service commenced in 1940.

Members of Service, which acts as a training ground for girls in cooking, wireless telephony, stamphoring, leading-writers, supply, and first-aid, train every Thursday night and go to Garden Island each Saturday, where they do voluntary ledger work. Each Saturday night members staff Merchant Navy Club in Elizabeth Street.

TALKING to "commander" of Service, Mrs. L. Cook, she tells me her daughter, Betty, plans marriage with Paymaster-Lieutenant Ted Nielsen, of Nundah, Brisbane, at St. Clement's Church, Marrickville. Women's Naval Service will provide guard of honor as couple leave church.

Betty, who is sub-lieutenant in Service, and Ted first met when they were attending lectures at Nelson Training Depot.

FRESHAM school friend Pam Owen will be bridesmaid when Sheila Bennett marries Flight-Lieut. Robert Malloch, R.A.A.F., at All Saints' Church, Woollahra, on August 19.

Sheila, who is second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth Bennett, is doing maseuse course with Pam at Sydney University. She met fiance when he returned as repatriated prisoner of war after year in Italian prisoner-of-war camp.

SERGEANT and Mrs. Jack Noble have taken a house at Narrabeen. Mrs. Noble, before her recent marriage, was Miss Molly Nesbit, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Nesbit, of Roseville. Her husband, who is in the U.S. Army, served in New Guinea, and is now stationed in Sydney.

He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Noble, of Orangeville, Illinois.

LETTERS and photographs arrive for Mr. and Mrs. Donald Esplin, of Waverton, from their son, Wing-Commander Ian Esplin, D.F.C., R.A.F., giving them all the news about his wedding in England recently to Subaltern Patricia Barlow, A.T.S., at Holy Trinity Church, Brompton, England.

Wedding takes place when Ian gets leave from India, where he is attached to Lord Louis Mountbatten's command. Couple plan to come to Australia as soon as war is over.

Ian hasn't been home for seven years. He was 1937 Rhodes Scholar, and was studying at University College, Oxford, where Sir William Beveridge was Master when war broke out, and he enlisted on first day. He has B.A. degree from Sydney University, and had his M.A. (Oxon.) before he joined up with English Air Force.

TEA FOR TWO. Pam Pring pours afternoon tea for fiance, Captain Reg. Seddon, A.I.F., when Reg is on leave in Sydney. Pam is younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip Pring, of Darling Point. Reg is second son of late Mr. Percy Seddon and Mrs. Seddon, of Glenunga, Adelaide.

HONEYMOON at Bowral for Sergeant and Mrs. Desmond Wade. Mrs. Wade was former Isabel Kay, of Chatswood.

RETURNED to Wagga is Evadne Penn Lusher after visit to Sydney, when she was admitted as a solicitor. Evadne, who is graduate of Sydney University, intends to practise with her father, Mr. Edwin Penn Lusher, in Wagga, and later hopes to obtain her M.A. degree.



PLANS FOR GOLDEN JUBILEE. Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones (standing, right) entertains members of the Kindergarten Union—vice-president, Miss Florence Sulman (seated, left), Lillian Marchant, secretary, and Miss Jean Wyndham, teacher of Kindergarten Union's Training College (standing, left)—at her home, "Rosemont," Woollahra, to discuss plans for £50,000 Jubilee Appeal.



ON LEAVE. Captain David Morgan A.A.M.C., with Mrs. Morgan and their four-months-old son, John Ross, at home at Rose Bay. John was recently christened by his grandfather, Archdeacon E. S. Benyon, of Lamore, at Cranbrook Chapel, where Captain Morgan went to school. Mrs. Morgan was formerly Joan Benyon.



HONEYMOONERS. Dr. and Mrs. Gordon Loveridge, who have just returned to Sydney after honeymoon visit to Gordon's parents, Col. N. B. Loveridge and Mrs. Loveridge, of Scone. Gordon plans to practice in city until he receives call-up for A.A.M.C. Norma, who is eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Pye, of Drummoyle, is attached to American Army in Sydney.

DIPLOMATIC graduates Julie Drake-Brockman, Bronnie Taylor, and Diana Hodgkinson now attached to Department of External Affairs in Canberra are among leading lights of Canberra's Repertory Society. Radio 2CA theatre is location of Repertory Society's play readings, which this year have included such plays as "Boy Meets Girl," "Blithe Spirit," "French Without Tears," and "A Touch of Silk."

Group also includes diplomatic students attached to Canberra University College. Society's first play, "Quiet Wedding," will be produced next September at Canberra's Albert Hall.

LUNCH in town and am amazed to hear seven-year-old school-boy next to me ordering "lion" chops. Am just as interested as he is to see his order arrive. After a few mouthfuls he said to his father, who was lunching with him, "I say, Dad, these chops aren't any different from the ones we have at home." "Perhaps," replied his father, looking at his lion chops, "it was a very small lion."

Interesting People

MRS. ELLA MAWER

R.S.S.A.I.L.A. youth groups FOUNDER and organiser of youth groups being sponsored by N.S.W. branch of Returned Soldiers' League for which she has worked for 19 years. Mrs. Ella Mawer visualises Empire-wide movement. N.S.W. objective is 100,000 members. Three groups with 350 members already formed. Principal aim of organisation is to train members in citizenship and in rehabilitation of returned men. Mrs. Mawer's son, Spitfire pilot Flying-Officer G. A. Mawer, was killed over Darwin.

S/LDR. E. L. IFOULD

... Most decorated R.A.A.F.'s most decorated observer and one of R.A.F.'s most experienced navigators. Squadron Leader Edward L. Ifould, D.S.O., D.F.C., and Bar, of Sydney, has been recalled to Australia to give R.A.A.F. benefit of his experience with Bomber Command. In 34 years' service overseas he made 64 operational flights over Germany, plotted course for many dangerous bombing missions.

MISS JEAN MILLIS

... British Council Scholarship SENIOR demonstrator, Department of Bio-Chemistry, Melbourne University. Miss Jean Millis has been awarded British Council 1944 Scholarship for Dominion graduate. Scholarship entitles her to work in England for year. She will study nutrition with reference to rationing and national health. Has been member Melbourne University staff since 1935. Is president Victorian Dietetics Association.



Don't let winter get you down . . .

ADD spice to dreary cold-weather togs with blithe accents like our fashion artist has sketched on this page.

• For evening glamor, try this mere wafer of a hat, surrounded with a flurry of multi-colored grosgrain ribbon bows. Wear it set straight on top of your head.

• A beguilingly young bonnet, cut out at the back, and garnished with frothy white lace frills to match the collar of your frock.

• Bring warmth and color and a quaint peasant charm to your blouse and skirt with a brief, fitted bodice of red velveteen, buttoned down the front.

• This immaculately tailored vest can be worn over any simple frock. The high neckline is finished with a floppy bow.

• A filmy, easy-to-laundry bib to wear tucked into a plain, high-necked frock. Bands of red and green braid add color tippity.

• Three smart girls with spirit-lifting accessories. At the top a tiny square hat and a whopping square bag of quilted black taffeta. Centre a paisley blouse and a matching snood attached to a wide band; and at bottom a scalloped red velvet calotte with voluminous veiling snood, and a draped muff bag to match.

• A provocative little hat to tilt forward over the forehead. The crown is grey, the minute, rolled brim green, and a red velvet bow adds final flourish.

R.F.M.





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Mrs. Roosevelt sends this message especially for this book. "In Australia, women... are doing jobs in the Air Force that were formerly done by men, and so Australia has been able to strengthen her squadrons..."



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Murder In Tow

Continued from page 14

BUNDY sighed. She went on telling it over again. The police had heard it several times. She had spent the rest of the evening at home until Peckham had called her at twelve-thirty. Bundy had picked him up at Tollman's house at twelve-forty-five. She wanted to discuss something with him, so drove out on the pier.

"Why?"

"We couldn't talk here. Corinne almost never let me speak to him alone. She doesn't like me, I'm afraid."

Bill said, "Why couldn't you have discussed this thing at dinner? You were alone with your grandfather then."

The color rose richly into her cheeks. For a moment she stared, dismayed. Then she said, "I hadn't thought of it then." It wasn't convincing. Bill was troubled about it.

"Can't you tell me what it was that you discussed? I'm trying to help you."

She glanced at Steve and said, "No."

Bill didn't know if she was being directed what to say to him or not. The possibility annoyed him. Didn't Steve trust him? But perhaps her motive was entirely different.

He asked, "Miss Peckham, could your grandfather's wife have killed him?"

Bundy gasped, "Oh, Oh, no. Of course not. She was here having a bath when I got home. The door was chained; I had to get her out to let me in. She wasn't pleased."

"And after that?"

"We both went to bed. He had a key."

Bill made a note in his little book. "Disregarding the question of opportunity, do you think she had the desire to kill him?"

"I can't see it, Lieutenant French. Grandpa was silly about her. She could get anything she wanted from him. And he had a big annuity that stopped when he died."

"Maybe she was in love with someone else."

"I suppose that's possible, but—I just can't see her going to so much trouble. A divorce would have appealed to her more. With whacking alimony."

Steve said, "If I can put in my oar, French, I can tell you she wasn't nearly strong enough."

"She could have had help," Bill was thinking of big, hay-crested Albert Sinclair.

"Yes, but I don't believe it. Bundy's right. It just isn't like her." Bill let it go. "To get back to the pier, Bundy. Was anyone else round? Any other car or person?"

"I didn't notice, but I don't think a soul was there. It was very cold. Near freezing. A sharp wind from the north. We had a fight, as I said. Grandpa wouldn't listen to a word I had to say. After a while I got out of the car. I started to walk up the pier."

"What time was it?"

"About twenty past one, I looked at my watch because I wondered if the street-cars had stopped. I suppose they had. At any rate I didn't see any. I got here a few minutes before two."

"You walked all the way home then?" Bill asked.

"What else could I do?"

"Are you sure your grandfather didn't drive past you?"

"No car passed me at all."

"Was he able to drive home?"

Bundy sighed. "I suppose so. He couldn't see very well at night, that's why he liked me to drive him. But it was all right if he went slowly. I remember the last thing he yelled at me. He said he'd take back that twenty-thousand trust fund if I—"

Bill grasped her arm, jolting her into silence. He nodded toward the hall. A few minutes ago he'd heard the key in the lock. Heard the door open and click shut softly. Heard footsteps trying to be quiet.

The door of the room stood ajar. Now it widened without a sound. Mrs. Peckham stood there, a vision in pale pink wool with a tiny chic hat on her blonde hair. Silver-fox furs dripped from her arm.

"If what, Bundy?" she drawled.

To be continued

The Blowerupper

Continued from page 5

P-P-PRIVATE JONES to eat in the officers' mess, air?" the R.S.M. gasped.

"You heard what I said, Sar-major. Should have been there long ago. I don't know how a man of his ability could have been overlooked."

"Yessir," gulped the R.S.M., and reeled away.

From then on, Tommy's rise was meteoric. His movements were like those of an artist who has become famous overnight. Back to divisional headquarters for a talk, and a demonstration of Lucy to the General, and from there back to corps, where the engineers had to slave all day to erect suitable objects for Lucy to blow up.

At Army headquarters Tommy was so popular that he was even given a complete new outfit without the necessity of signing for it.

There was never a happier ship than that which carried Tommy and Lucy to England. No guards and no boat drill, for whenever hostile aircraft appeared Lucy dealt with them most promptly.

It was the same with submarines. In this direction Lucy excelled herself. Whenever there was a submarine lurking about she would twitch in Tommy's pocket, and he only had to pull her out, flick, and the water would spume as the sub blew up.

Tommy travelled a lot in the few short weeks before he finished the war. To the Eastern front, where he finished the campaign in five days.

Back in Italy, Lucy didn't have a chance to show her powers. The Nazis capitulated as soon as they heard that Tommy and Lucy were coming.

In the Pacific, however, she worked overtime. From atoll to island and to the Japanese mainland, until with only the Imperial Palace standing in Tokyo, the Emperor decorated Tommy with the Order of the Golden Kite and committed harakiri.

After the armistice, Tommy and Lucy, who had quarters at the Savoy and had received two million pounds from the Government, went into temporary retirement for six months. Except for one unfortunate accident, when Tommy unthinkingly flicked Lucy at the local gasometer, all was quiet until the day that Tommy received his income tax assessment.

Tommy was annoyed. Ingratitude he called it. Talking to Lucy he said: "It's you and me, lass, as won their war for 'em, and now they're trying to take all our money from us. How'm I goin' to take care of your future? We'll go and see tomorrow."

They went without more ado to call on the commissioner, and after many preliminary skirmishes with junior officials reached his private sanctum.

"Come in," bellowed the deep voice of the most hated man in England. "Ah, if it's not Mr. Jones, the winner of wars," he boomed. "What's the trouble?"

"It's about this assessment of

mine," piped Tommy. "How can Lucy and I..."

"Sorry, Mr. Jones, awfully sorry. Anything but that. You know how much we detest taking money from people, but I'm afraid I can't do a thing about it..."

"But it ain't me. It's Lucy I'm worryin' about..."

"I repeat, Mr. Jones, I'm frightfully sorry. I can assure you that you have the heartfelt sympathy of my department, but a reduction in assessment? Oh, no-no-no. After all a mere cigarette-lighter..."

"What did you say?" shrieked Tommy, his round little face turning red.

"I said, 'a mere cigarette-lighter.' Now, look here, old man, I'm exceptionally busy at present. Can't you..."

"You've insulted Lucy, that's what you've done," shrieked Tommy. "I've had enough of you, see. I ain't goin' to stand for it."

Tommy pulled Lucy from his pocket and flicked.

There was a peculiar sound like "blomph," and the taxation commissioner and Tommy both exploded.

Unfortunately Tommy had forgotten to point Lucy, and that is why a new taxation commissioner watched the State funeral of Tommy and Lucy on its way to the Abbey days later.

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AFW20-26



Movie World

• DEANNA DURBIN, since obtaining her divorce from Vaughn Paul, has her sister and young nephew living with her in Hollywood. Formerly Deanna showed little interest in parties, but she is now frequently seen at the smart nightclubs, although

she never misses her night at the Hollywood Canteen, where servicemen show their delight in her songs and hostessing. In Universal's "Christmas Holiday," with Gene Kelly, Deanna for the first time tries a dramatic and completely different role.

KEEPING THE WHEELS TURNING



COUGHING AT NIGHT...

RELIEVED QUICKER BY
NEW COUGH MIXTURE INCLUDING
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● The coughs that follow colds or flu often hang on for weeks and may become chronic and serious unless treated effectively. To stop restless barking at night that keeps you miserably sleepless, you need take no risks with anything less potent than Edinburgh Cough Mixture.

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Many people going into middle age note a slowing down of the healthy kidney action of youth. While this is to be expected to a degree, it backache is a constant worry to you. Nature may be warning that there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. An excess of acids or poisons in your blood, when due to functional kidney disorders, may be the cause of rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches, and dizziness.

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"YOU'D better go out for a walk or something," said Mrs. Benson, "it isn't time for dinner yet."

"I don't want to go out for a walk," said Cynthia firmly. "I'm much too tired."

She put down a packet of tea on the table and said: "My mother sent this to whoever I was billeted with. Don't you think we might have a cup of tea now? I haven't had any breakfast."

Mrs. Benson put down the rolling pin and turned round and regarded her with a frown.

"You look soft," she said austere, "but it seems to me that you've got what my husband used to call 'the gall of a government mule'."

A smile flickered in Cynthia's eyes.

"Well," she said, "that's better than being soft."

"Maybe," said Mrs. Benson. "Well, in the circumstances, I'll make you a cup of tea. And your mother's a thoughtful woman."

Life went on rather gloomily, thought Cynthia as she walked through a drizzle of rain and in darkness back from the factory. She seemed to spend her time in a running fight with Mrs. Benson. There was the question of washing smalls. Mrs. Benson had fought that question with her back to the wall, but had given way in the end.

Two days a week Cynthia might wash in the kitchen. Then there was the question of the young man in the house.

He was without question a most harmless young man, and desperately lonely. Unfit for the Army and working like a Trojan in the factory, Cynthia met him on the stairs one day, when a severe cold had kept him from work, and had offered, without thinking, to heat him some hot milk on the small spirit stove in her room, when the kitchen door had opened and a bleak voice said: "Nothing of the kind. I won't have that sort of thing."

The wretched young man had

gone scarlet, but Cynthia said in her coolest and most brittle tones: "Very well, Mrs. Benson, then perhaps you will heat him some milk. He's plainly not at all well."

There had been a silence, and then Mrs. Benson said: "I'll do it. Now that's settled."

Cynthia had given the young man a fleeting smile and murmured: "Don't let her get you down. Her bark's worse than her bite."

"She petrifies me," he said, "simply petrifies me."

But after that he asked her to go to the cinema with him one day when they both were off together, and tonight she had promised to meet him and go to the theatre. She had told Mrs. Benson that she would not be in to supper.

"So long as you're in by ten," said Mrs. Benson grimly.

But now in the wet darkness Cynthia rather wished she hadn't said she would go. It was a filthy night, and she didn't know her way very well. Nor, for that matter, did Roddy Telman, the young man. Her torch had given out suddenly, and she hoped to goodness he would have one. Otherwise it meant they would have to fumble their way through unfamiliar streets.

He was there waiting for her at the little restaurant where they were to meet. He worried her vaguely, because she had an idea that he thought he was in love with her. He wasn't really, she told herself, he was lonely, and she was the only girl he knew here. He was shy and couldn't make friends easily. All the same, when people thought they were in love, it was just as bad, for the time, as being really in love.

He jumped up as she came in and gave her a carnation. It was rather wilted and pathetic, but she took it and thanked him and pinned it to the lapel of her coat.

"Sweet of you, Roddy," she said.

"It's not very nice," he said quickly, "but it was all I could get. Oh, Cynthia, I'd like to do such a lot more for you."

"Roddy," she said sternly, "don't talk nonsense. You'll find someone to do all the things in the world for you some time, but it won't be me. There's John, you know."

"But you never hear from John," he objected, "never."

Her eyes flickered, and her mouth shut steadily and tensely.

"I know all that, but there's a good reason. Don't let's talk about it."

She began to order food from the waitress, and he made a resigned gesture and sat hunched up in his seat. Cynthia thought suddenly that she was horribly tired, and that if she wasn't careful she'd lose her temper, and why must he mention John to-night of all nights, when it was the anniversary of the day she and John had met?

But at the theatre she became cheerful again, and the show was quite good. They came out into the same drizzle and the same thick darkness. Roddy said glumly that his torch wasn't working and he hoped hers was.

"It isn't," said Cynthia in dismay; "oh, heavens, Roddy, and we're later than I thought. This means an awful uproar with Mrs. Benson if we're later than ten."

And I can't stand an uproar to-night, she thought. I simply can't.

They walked close together and in silence. Rain dripped from Cynthia's beret and trickled down the back of her neck. They lost their way twice, and were put back on to the proper track by a policeman who informed them jovially that they had put about an extra mile on their walk.

When they got to Mrs. Benson's the house was bolted and barred. Cynthia tugged furiously at the bell, and it jangled hideously in the quiet house. But no one came down to answer it, and they stood in the doorway listening to the rain dripping from the portico and from the hedge.

"This is ridiculous!" said Cynthia at last. "We'll have to see if we can't get in through a window or something."

"We couldn't do that," wailed Roddy helplessly.

"We've got to," she said grimly. "I'm not staying out here all night for anyone. If I can't do anything else I'll break a window."

"You can't," wailed Roddy again, "she'd . . . I don't know what she'd do."

"Charge us for it, what else could she do?" demanded Cynthia.

Every window was firmly shut.

Ten O'Clock

Continued from page 7

And at last she deliberately took off her shoe, and, balanced on one foot, punched the kitchen window. The glass broke and fell with a smothered tinkle on the kitchen table. Cynthia unlatched the window, pushed it gently up, and scrambled in. Roddy followed her nervously, and they both stood in the middle of the kitchen and waited for the wrath to come. But nothing stirred in the house.

"She can't be here," said Cynthia at last. "I'm going up to see."

She marched up the stairs and knocked on Mrs. Benson's door, but there was no answer, and she opened it and peered in. The bed hadn't been slept in, and the room was empty.

It was the sound of excited voices downstairs that woke Cynthia next morning. The house seemed to be full of noise and laughter. She glanced at her watch, gave a small squeal of dismay, and jumped quickly out of bed.

There wasn't much point in rushing madly, she was so late already, but all the same she dressed in a scramble and ran downstairs into the kitchen.

Then she stopped dead. "John," she said. "John. Oh, John, darling, where did you come from?"

He was standing in the kitchen dressed in old, shabby clothes, and his face was haggard and drawn. But his eyes were wide with amazed happiness.

"Cynthia," he exclaimed. "What on earth are you doing here?"

She stumbled toward him, and his arms went round her and held her close. She heard him talking to her, and the words made a little sense. Not much.

"Escaped . . ." she heard. "Had quite a devil of a time. Wired Mum yesterday. She came to meet me. Meant to phone you to-day. Darling, darling . . . how did you get here?"

And suddenly she heard Mrs. Benson's voice, alive with happiness and a dry humor.

"She's been here some time, but she didn't trouble to inform me that she knew you. No . . . all she does is bully me and break windows."

"But I didn't know," stammered Cynthia. "I mean . . . John . . . his name's West. Of course I'd been told you'd married a second time. I knew John came from somewhere round here. But somehow . . . I don't know. I never knew. He went off so suddenly, you see . . . and . . . somehow I never thought of it."

HER voice trailed off. She stared stupidly from John to his mother.

"Couldn't even bother to tell the girl about your home," said Mrs. Benson, but she was smiling at them, her blue eyes bright with happiness, her square face suddenly tender.

"Couldn't tell her anything except that I loved her," said John, and he smiled at his mother over Cynthia's head. "Haven't time."

Mrs. Benson looked at Cynthia and smiled and said: "When I got the telegram I rushed off. Forgot about you. Forgot everything. I'm glad you managed to get in."

Suddenly Cynthia smiled at her.

"It was eleven o'clock when I got here," she said demurely. "I thought I was locked out—on purpose."

"Gadding," said John, and tightened his arm round her.

"No," said Mrs. Benson, "she doesn't gad. She's the only one who's stood up to me without being rude and silly. She's a nice girl, John."

"I know it," said John. "I know it."

The rain blew in through the open window and made a puddle on the table, but Mrs. Benson didn't even notice it.

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2/5
PER BOX

DRAMA OF FORTY YEARS



1 ON LEAVE from Boer War, Clive (Roger Livesey) goes to Berlin with Edith (Deborah Kerr) to trap German spy, and is forced into duel.



2 AFTER DUEL, Clive and Theo (Anton Walbrook) become firm friends.



3 WHEN Edith weds Theo, Clive is unhappy, but as Colonel in World War I he meets and marries a nurse, Barbara (Deborah Kerr), who resembles Edith.



4 UNCONSCIOUSLY, Clive is becoming a "blimp" with antiquated methods, especially in war tactics, and after Barbara's tragic death this process develops.



5 IN PRESENT WAR, Theo, fugitive from Nazism, and Clive, now unwanted in Army, are reunited.



6 SPUD (James McKechnie) and Johnny (Deborah Kerr) persuade Clive that he can still serve by joining the Home Guard.



7 CLIVE, for the first time, sees himself as a "blimp," and determines to do his part in the Home Guard.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Life and Death of Colonel Blimp

THE Life and Death of Colonel Blimp," Archer's technicolor film, presents forty years of the history of Britain as told through the life of a gallant soldier, who started his military career during the Boer War and continues through to the present conflict.

"Blimp" is not a person, but a type of person as portrayed by the central character, Roger Livesey. The "blimp" in him developed slowly and without his knowledge, because ideals and British sportsmanship blinded him to the fact that ideals alone will not fight a modern war.

Livesey finally realises that Boer War tactics are useless against total war, and when finally the "blimp" in him dies, he admits that the modern British soldier, though not as picturesque as his counterpart of 1902, is the right man to fight Hitlerism.

Deborah Kerr has three roles in this film—and each a feminine lead. The reason for this is that she plays THE woman in the life of Livesey, in each of the three episodes of his career.

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HERE'S RELIEF FOR

STIFF, ACHING MUSCLES



I thought my muscles could take it but—after a week in the foundry I wished they'd kept me in the machine shop! My back was giving me gip.

One lunchtime the foreman suggested Rexona Ointment to ease the stiffness. "I'll give anything a try that might ease this pain," I thought.



So that night, after a good hot bath, my wife and I used Rexona over my back and briskly massaged the stiff, aching muscles. Next morning I was much better.

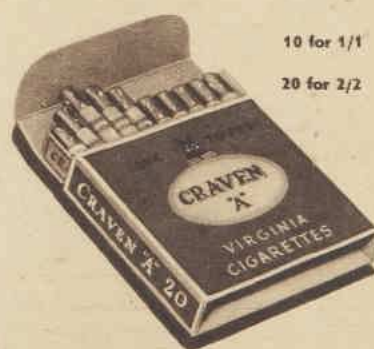
Now I can even do a spot of digging after the heaviest day knowing that should I need it, massaging with Rexona Ointment will quickly limber up my muscles.

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Oranges



SWEET NELL OF OLD DRURY did not hawk sweeter or juicier oranges than those that grow on our Australian trees.

Use those available to the limit of their possibilities. Here are interesting ways...

ORANGE BREAD

(For lunch-box or tea—try sliced orange bread with filling of peanut butter, cream cheese, or flaked fish.)

One and a half cups flour, 1½ teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind or 1 cup minced candied peel, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine or dripping, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 cup orange juice. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Add grated orange rind or peel. Cream the butter and sugar and beat in the egg. Add the sifted flour mixture alternately with the milk; stir in the orange juice. Cook in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) in 2 small greased muffin tins for 30 minutes, or in a greased loaf-tin for 45 minutes.

ORANGE DOUGHNUTS

(Hot and fresh, with black coffee. Secret of success lies in careful cooking.)

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 egg, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup orange juice, 1

THE FRAGRANT AROMA of the orange is deliciously penetrating. The orange-mint cup-cakes in picture above (see recipe on this page) have orange rind in mixture; drench with honey and orange juice while warm.

tablespoon melted fat (butter or dripping), 1 cup milk.

Sift flour, salt, and spice, and add orange rind. Beat egg and beat into sugar until creamy; add orange juice and shortening and add sifted flour mixture to this alternately with the milk. Turn out on to floured board and turn lightly to a smooth shape. Roll out to tin thickness and cut into rings with special cutter or two biscuit cutters. Fry in deep, fuming fat for two to three minutes or until crisp and brown, turning doughnuts when they rise to top and several times during cooking. Drain on crumpled kitchen paper and dust with fine sugar, or brush with warmed mixture of equal parts of honey and orange juice. Makes about one dozen doughnuts.

ORANGE WHIP

(Cold sweet; serve with wafer biscuits or with topping of stewed or fresh berries.)

One cup cold water, 1 tablespoon gelatine, 1 cup boiling water, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup lemon juice, 1½ cups orange juice, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, pinch of salt.

Soften gelatine in 1 cup cold water; add the hot water, stirring until dis-

solved. Add the sugar, fruit juices, and orange rind and salt. Chill until slightly thickened and whisk until creamy and frothy. Pour into a mould and chill until firm.

SAVORY ORANGE JUICE SAUCE

(To serve with game or poultry.)

One tablespoon meat or bacon dripping, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 cup water, 1 cup orange juice, sprig rosemary, sage, or thyme, 1-8th teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 dessertspoon sugar or honey.

Stir the flour into the melted fat

and cook for a minute without browning. Gradually stir in the water and orange juice, add the herb sprig, and cook gently for four minutes, stirring until thickened. Season with salt, orange rind, and sugar.

ORANGE TEA-ROLLS

(Serve, freshly made, split and filled with marmalade or lemon cheese.)

Two cups self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, about 1 cup milk.

Sift flour and salt. Add orange

rind and rub in butter. Add sugar and mix to a soft dough with beaten egg and milk. Knead lightly and roll to tin thickness. Cut into rounds, brush with milk, and fold each round into half. Brush again with milk and bake in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 10 to 15 minutes.

ORANGE-MINT CUP-CAKES

(Luscious as dinner sweet or for tea-cakes... glazed while hot with warmed honey and orange juice.)

Three ounces shortening (butter, margarine, or dripping), 2oz. sugar, 1 tablespoon honey, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 2 eggs, 1 cup orange juice, 8oz. self-raising flour, 1-3rd cup milk.

For glazing: 2 tablespoons orange juice, 1 teaspoon orange rind, 2 tablespoons honey, about 1½ dozen small orange sections, 1 tablespoon chopped mint.

Cream shortening, sugar, and honey. Beat in orange rind and eggs. Stir in orange juice and sifted flour alternately with the milk. Spoon into greased patty-tins and cook in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. While warm, glaze with warmed honey, orange juice, and orange rind. Roll small cut orange sections in chopped mint and insert one into the top of each patty-cake.

Have you tried?

ORANGE slices, dusted with cinnamon and brown sugar, heated under griller or in pan, and served with crumbed veal steak... traditional service with veal.

SLICED rings of orange rind, simmered gently for twenty minutes in salted water and then used for rings in which eggs are poached and served.

SLICED oranges and onion salad, served with seasoned lamb or veal... a must with sliced cold duck.

A CURL of orange rind heated with the milk for a cornflour shape... delicious fragrance.

CARAMEL orange sauce for ice-cream or fruit whip... equal parts of orange juice and honey boiled to a light caramel (soft ball in cold water).

ORANGE cups simmered in salted water for 15 minutes and then used as cassiolette for creamed fish... sprinkle top with grated cheese and bake 20 minutes... delicious flavor.

WHAT A FOOL I WAS not to have tried **RINSO** long ago!

YOU HAVE SOME NERVE CALLING ME OLD-FASHIONED

I DON'T MEAN ANY HARM, SIS, BUT BEING A CLOTHES SCRUBBER IN THESE DAYS... HORRORS!

WELL, YOU CAN'T EXPECT THE CLOTHES TO WASH THEMSELVES

NO, OF COURSE NOT, BUT YOU CAN AT LEAST TRY RINSO. ITS THICKER SUDS GET RID OF DIRT WITH OUT SCRUBBING

AND SO SHE DID TRY RINSO

OH SIS, YOU WERE RIGHT. WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN. MY CLOTHES LOOK WHITE AS SNOW AND I HAD SUCH AN EASY WASH DAY

AND YOU'LL FIND CLOTHES WASHED IN RINSO WILL LAST AGES LONGER



FOR HEALTH'S SAKE, the young mother should cut up the fat along with the meat for her toddler. If necessary, the fat can be camouflaged with vegetable or gravy. Older children, adults should eat the fat of beef—not leave it on the side of the plate.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

SEE the apron illustrated at right! All you have to do is to hem a straight piece of material, then run a double row of stitches about an inch or so from top, leaving sufficient room to take a cord, which ties at back.

SLIGHT scratches on plateglass can be banished: First rub gently with pad of cotton-wool, then cover pad with velvet, apply some rouge to this, and polish surface.

WAS at my wits' end last week to find a pretty gift... Solved the problem this way: Bought six cheap drinking glasses; washed, dried, and wiped them over with methylated spirit. Then pasted flowered motifs inside glass, painted over them outside. Effect was charming.

HOW do you eat that coconut when you do buy it? Remember this, when toasted, it makes ideal garnish for desserts. Just shred into shallow dish, brown in moderate oven. Stir frequently, for coconut scorches swiftly.



PRETTY, practical apron can be made in a jiffy from a remnant of material.

BUTTER . . . and your health

Are you worrying about your butter-ration? It's easy to find substitutes that are just as nutritious . . . says MEDICO.

THIS morning, after I had assured Mrs. Fenton that she had nothing to worry about concerning young Bill's stamina, she settled down for a chat.

"Can you tell me, Doctor," she asked, "whether my family's health will suffer as a result of this butter rationing? We used to be great butter-eaters. Of course, I want to do my part in helping the people of Britain. I see that they get only two ounces of butter a week over there. But . . ."

"Congratulations on asking a very vital question, Mrs. Fenton," I quickly interrupted. "Butter has two values, first as a nutritious fat, and secondly as a source of vitamin A. Butter has both these values well marked, and it is a much more valuable food than margarine, but meat-fat is a good second-best to butter.

"You wouldn't, of course, but most Australians leave their meat-fat on the side of their plates. Beef fat is rather better than that of mutton or pork. And did you know this: Milk, cheese, liver, carrots, and leafy vegetables provide vitamin A.

"To the British people, however, any kind of fat is vital. Already they are into the danger zone in their fat allowance.

"I suppose, like most others, you forget that butter is the fat of milk. The fat of milk is in the milk. Cheese is nearly half milk-fat.

"We Australians have never consumed enough milk, or eaten enough butter as milk. A pre-war national average of half a pint a day is lower than that of many other countries.

"And keep this in mind: Modern dried milk is as nutritious as fresh milk, and when water is added it looks and tastes like fresh milk.

"Butter-to-day is a munition of war. We have an effective substitute in cheese, in meat-fats, in milk, in carrots, and in leafy vegetables. Britain hasn't these. If we can't send guns to Europe—we can send butter!

"Let's make do with less butter a week, but let us see that expectant and nursing mothers and children get a quart of milk a day."

★ STAR RECIPE

ORANGE AND APPLE TART

One large cooking apple, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 pint milk, 1 level tablespoon custard powder, 1 level tablespoon cornflour, juice and rind of 1 orange, 1 tablespoon golden syrup, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 cooked case of short pastry.

Peel, core, and slice the apple, and cook until tender with the sugar and just enough water to prevent catching. Mash well with fork.

Blend the powders with a little milk, add rest of milk, and simmer gently until thick. Simmer further for 1 minute, and then whip in the orange juice and rind, the syrup, butter, and the apple. Pour into pastry case. Serve hot or cold.

First Prize of £1 in our regular recipe competition to Miss Amy Johnson, c/o Mrs. Weir, Bertangles, Bowring, N.S.W.

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